NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1930

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THE BUDDHA'S COSMOLOGY

THE teaching of the Buddha, particularly where it is most profound and spiritual, is for all practical purposes identical with the teaching of the great Upanishads. The great Upanishads contain cosmological principles, which derive the manifested worlds from the unmanifested Being by a series of emanations, downward steps from impalpable Shining Ether, through the forms of Fire, Air, Water and Earth, to the fulness of concrete and formal existence. Further, there is in the great Upanishads a body of teaching concerning what one may call solar physics, a classifying of the radiant forces of the Sun, with a description of the Sun's concentric spheres which bear a good deal of resemblance to the chromosphere (or rose-coloured layer), the photosphere (the brilliantly shining layer), the darker core revealed in the sunspots, and so on, as described by contemporary science.

Throughout the Buddha's discourses which, taken together, make up a sum of material immensely greater than the Upanishads, there is, of this kind of cosmological thinking, hardly a trace. Why? The answer is given in a discourse which tells us how a distinguished disciple reproached the Buddha with this very deficiency in his teaching, and flatly threatened to resign unless the defect was immediately repaired. But let the compilers of the Suttas tell the story in their own way.

Once upon a time the Master was in residence in the Jetavana monastery in the park which had been laid out by a rich man of charitable heart. The distinguished disciple Malunkyaputta, in solitude and absorbed in meditation, discovered this consideration in his mind:

"There are problems which the Master has left unexplained, pushing them aside and ignoring them; for example, the problem whether the universe is eternal or not; the problem whether soul and body are the same thing, or distinct from each other; the problem whether the liberated sage can be said

to have a continued existence after the death of his body, or has not such a continued existence. These problems the Master does not explain to me. And I feel aggrieved that the Master does not explain these problems. Therefore I shall go to the Master and lay the matter before him. If the Master is willing to explain to me whether the universe is eternal or non-eternal, whether the soul and the body are identical or distinct, whether the liberated sage continues to exist after the death of the body, then I am willing to go on practising spiritual discipline under the Master. But if the Master will not explain these problems to me, then I will give up the life of spiritual discipline and return to the worldly life!"

When evening came, the distinguished disciple Malunkyaputta came forth from solitude and went to where the Master was. Dutifully greeting the Master, he took a seat respectfully beside him and laid before the Master the grievance that had arisen in his mind during his meditation, in conclusion saying that, unless the Master explained to him these problems, he would give up spiritual discipline and return to the worldly life.

The Buddha answered him with a certain restrained indignation:

"Tell me, Malunkyaputta, did I ever say to you, 'Enter on spiritual discipline under me, and I will explain to you such problems as whether the universe is eternal or non-eternal, whether soul and body are identical or distinct, whether the liberated sage continues to exist after the death of the body, or ceases to exist'?"

"No, Sire!"

"Or did you ever say to me, 'Sire, I am willing to enter on spiritual discipline under the Master, provided that the Master will explain to me such problems as whether the universe is eternal or non-eternal, whether soul and body are identical or distinct, whether the liberated sage continues to exist after the death of the body, or ceases to exist'?"

"No, Sire!"

"In that case, vain disciple, with what justice do you accuse me? Malunkyaputta, should anyone make up his mind not to enter spiritual discipline under the Buddha until the Buddha had explained these problems to him, such a one would be overtaken by death before the Buddha explained these problems to him.

"It is just as if a man had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, and his friends had brought to him a skilful surgeon, and the wounded man were to say, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I find out whether the man who shot me was a Kshatriya, a Brahman, a Vaishya or a Shudra'; or, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I find out whether the man who shot me was tall or short or middle-sized'; or, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I find out whether the bow-string was made of sinew or hemp or bamboo fibre'; or, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I find out whether the feather of the arrow came from a vulture, a heron, a falcon or a peacock'; or, 'I will not have this poisoned arrow extracted until I learn whether the barb was plain or curved, made of

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iron or of ivory.' The man would die, Malunkyaputta, without having learned these things.

"Exactly the same with him who says, 'I will not undertake spiritual discipline until I have learned from the Master whether the universe is eternal or non-eternal, whether soul and body are identical or distinct, whether the liberated sage continues to exist after the death of the body.' The man will die, Malunkyaputta, before the Master has explained these things to him.

"For spiritual discipline, Malunkyaputta, does not depend on the view that the universe is eternal, or that the universe is non-eternal; whether the universe be eternal or non-eternal, there still remain birth, decay, death, misery, lamentation and despair. I teach how to conquer these in this present life.

"So with the problem of soul and body, and the survival of the liberated sage. Spiritual discipline does not depend on the answers to these questions. In either case there remain birth, decay, death, misery, lamentation and despair. I teach how to conquer these in this present life.

"These problems, Malunkyaputta, I have not explained. Why, Malunkyaputta, have I not explained them? Because the answers do not bear practical fruit, nor teach how to turn away from sensuality, to cleanse the heart of passions, to attain serenity, the higher powers, wisdom, liberation.

"But what, Malunkyaputta, have I explained? The origin of misery, the conquest of misery, the path to the conquest of misery. Why, Malunkyaputta, have I explained this? Because this knowledge bears practical fruit, and teaches how to turn away from sensuality, to cleanse the heart of passions, to attain serenity, the higher powers, wisdom, liberation."

Speaking generally, therefore, the Buddha directed the hearts and minds of his disciples to problems quite other than the mysteries of cosmology. The purpose which he consistently followed was to develop, not astronomers or theologians or abstract metaphysicians, but practical disciples, valorously fighting against self and the dangerous delusions of self. He deliberately withheld any explanation of the wide vistas of spiritual life, because in his deep wisdom he knew that, until the treacherous delusions of self are conquered, there can be no real insight into spiritual life. Those who seek to penetrate these high mysteries with tainted minds, thereby distort and disfigure every dawning insight that might lead them toward the light. Let the disciple first conquer self, we can imagine the Buddha saying; after that fight is won, he will know for himself the reality of spiritual life. If he desires that wisdom, let him fight for it and win it.

But it would be a complete mistake to think that, because the Buddha did not encourage his disciples to ask large, vague questions about the stars and the ages of the past, he himself had closed his eyes to these mysteries, possessed no knowledge of them, believed that knowledge of this kind is unattainable.

On the contrary, there is clear evidence that he had penetrated in consciousness to far-off worlds and remote ages; that he held views concerning these matters, which were consistent and complete; views which, in fact, break

through his practical teaching to disciples, giving, for the intuitive soul, luminous glimpses into the beyond.

On a certain occasion he set forth, in the *Discourse of Beginnings*, a valuable and vitally interesting history of the evolution of the human race, beginning with what one may call a past of descending angels, then depicting long periods of increasing solidification and obscuration, and finally describing the differentiation of the sexes, and the gradual growth of human institutions as we are familiar with them; but it is characteristic of the Buddha's method that his purpose in this immensely interesting discourse was not simply the elucidation of a doctrine of Cosmogenesis and Anthropogenesis; the avowed aim of this scientific sermon is to show that the Brahmans' pretension of superiority rested on a delusion; that the Kshatriya was in fact the more ancient and higher caste. To put the matter in a slightly different way: the Brahman claim of superiority was based on the dogma that the Brahman caste issued from the mouth of Brahma, while the Kshatriyas came forth from Brahma's breast. This theological dogma the Buddha opposed by a teaching of natural evolution, beginning with the palpable fact that Brahman babies are born in exactly the same way as babies of all other classes. There was probably a further reason for this scientific discourse. The young Brahman to whom it was addressed, almost of necessity had been inducted into the Brahmanical doctrines; the Buddha, to prove his case, appealed to doctrines which the Brahmans themselves held, though, for the multitude, they cloaked them with theological fables which exalted the Brahman caste.

There is, however, as was said a moment ago, a complete system of cosmology implicit in all the Buddha's teaching, a system which often breaks through the immediate practical instruction which the Buddha is imparting. For example, in the *Discourse of the Fruits of Discipleship*, when describing the higher powers to which the victorious disciple attains through courageous self-conquest, the Buddha says:

"He brings back into memory his various temporary states in times gone by, one birth, or two, or three, or four, or five births, or ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, a hundred births, or a hundred, a thousand, a hundred thousand births, in many a kalpa of involution, in many a kalpa of evolution. . . ."

Childers, in his Pali Dictionary, thus defines kalpa: "The term kalpa is given to certain vast periods or cycles of time, of which there are three, Mahakalpa ('great kalpa'), Asankhyeya-kalpa ('uncountable kalpa'), and Antara-kalpa ('intermediate time'). All the Chakravalas ('spheres') are subject to an alternate process of destruction and renovation, and a Maha-kalpa is the period which elapses from the commencement of the destruction of a Chakravala to its complete restoration. Each Maha-kalpa is subdivided into four Asankhyeya-kalpas. . . . In the first the destruction (by fire, water or wind) begins and is accomplished, the Chakravala being resolved into its native elements, or consumed so that nothing remains; in the second this state of void or chaos continues; in the third the process of renovation begins and is completed, and the fourth is a period of continuance. After

the end of the fourth period the dissolution recommences as before, and this alternate process of destruction and renovation goes on to all eternity."

While this system of kalpas is repeatedly alluded to by the Buddha in discourses primarily concerned with practical discipline, it is fully worked out in its details, not in the first discourses of the Buddha, but in certain treatises like the *Visuddhi Magga* ("Path of Purity"), written by Buddhaghosa some centuries later; and as there is good reason to accept the tradition that these more detailed teachings come from the Buddha himself, we shall consider them as evidence for the system of cosmology which the Buddha held and taught.

The noteworthy thing about this cosmology is that on one side it anticipates the views of the most recent science. Nowhere is the resemblance closer than in the use of enormous numbers. Whoever has looked into the books of Sir James Jeans or Arthur Stanley Eddington, must have been impressed by the way in which they deal with millions and billions, whether of years or of distances across space. And here a word of caution is necessary: the word "billion" means one thing in England and another thing in America. In England a billion is a million times a million, or a million squared (once multiplied by itself), but in America a billion has the same meaning as the French "milliard", namely, a thousand millions. In England a trillion is a million times a million times a million, or a million cubed (twice multiplied by itself); a quadrillion is a million raised to the fourth power; a quintillion is a million raised to the fifth power, and so on. These numerical details are given because the system of numbers used in Buddhist works like the *Visuddhi Magga* closely resembles the English system, except that the starting point is not one million but ten millions (in Sanskrit and Pali "koti", in the modern dialects of India "crore"); so that the Pali numbers are the square of ten millions, the cube of ten millions, the fourth, fifth and sixth powers of ten millions, up to the Asankhyeya already mentioned, which is the twentieth power of ten millions: that is to say, 1 followed by 140 ciphers. So that when we find Eddington saying that "the mass of the sun is 2 followed by 27 ciphers" in tons, we realize that Buddhaghosa, to say nothing of his great Master, would find himself completely at home in this kind of counting.

When we pass from numbers to broad ideas of cosmology, the likeness is impressive. We may approach the matter by taking the latest book by Sir James Jeans, *The Universe Around Us*, which runs almost parallel to Eddington's *Stars and Atoms*, published two years ago. In what is common to the two books we may safely say that we have the last word in modern cosmological thinking.

What account do they give of the universe? Jeans takes as his point of departure what he calls Primæval Chaos, at a time when all the substance of the present stars and nebulæ was spread uniformly throughout space. He expresses the density of this tenuous substance as compared with the density of water by the fraction 1 divided by the number 1 followed by 30 ciphers. With justice he tells us that this is almost inconceivably tenuous: "In ordinary air,

at a density of one eight-hundredth that of water, the average distance between adjoining molecules is about an eight-millionth of an inch; in the primæval gas we are now considering, the corresponding distance is two or three yards. The contrast again leads back to the theme of the extreme emptiness of space. . . . Calculation shows that if ordinary air were attenuated to this extraordinary degree, no condensation could persist and continue to grow unless it had at least 62½ million times the weight of the sun; any smaller weight of gas would exert so slight a gravitational pull on its outermost molecules, that their normal speeds of 500 yards a second would lead to the prompt dissipation of the whole condensation. . . . If there ever existed a primæval chaos of the kind we are now considering, it would not condense into stars, but into enormously more massive condensations, each having the weight of millions of stars. . . . Now it is significant that bodies are known in space having weights equal to those just calculated, namely the great extra-galactic nebulæ. . . . . the condensations which would first be formed out of the primæval nebula must have been the great extra-galactic nebulæ, and not mere stars. . . . These nebulæ are so generally similar to one another that it seems likely that they must all have been produced by the action of the same agency. . . . As the original condensations in the primæval gas contracted they must have produced currents, and these would hardly be likely to occur absolutely symmetrically. If the motion in each mass of condensing gas had been directly towards the centre of condensation at every point, the final result would have been a spherical nebula devoid of all motion, but any less symmetrical system of currents would result in a spin being given to each contracting mass. This spin would no doubt be very slow at first, but the well-known principle of 'conservation of angular momentum' requires that, as the spinning body contracts, its rate of spin must increase. Thus when the process of condensation was complete, the final product would be a series of nebulæ rotating at different rates. And this is exactly what is observed; so far as our evidence goes the nebulæ are in rotation, and at different rates" (pages 192–195).

Now let us turn for comparison to a part of the *Visuddhi Magga* which is avowedly based on the passage we quoted from the Buddha, concerning the memory of past kalpas:

"The upper regions of space are one with those below, and wholly dark. Now after the lapse of a long period, a great cloud arises. And first it rains with a very fine rain . . . . when this cloud has filled every place throughout a hundred thousand times ten million worlds, it disappears. And then a wind arises, below and on the sides of the water, and rolls it into one mass which is round like a drop of water on the leaf of a lotus. But how can it press such an immense volume of water into one mass? Because the water offers openings here and there for the wind. . . ."

We are evidently considering a cosmic evolution very similar to that which Sir James Jeans outlined: First, what he calls "primæval chaos", which the Buddhist teaching describes as a condition in which the "upper regions of

space are one with those below, and wholly dark". Next, Jeans depicts enormously large condensations of this at first almost infinitely tenuous substance. The Buddhist teaching says that "after the lapse of a long period, a great cloud arises". And it is evident that the Buddhist teaching contemplates something immensely more extensive than the formation of a single planet, or even a single solar system: it is a question of "a hundred thousand times ten million worlds". Sir James Jeans speaks in particular of two great extra-galactic nebulæ (that is, nebulæ outside the limits of the Galaxy, the Milky Way, within which our solar system is situated): the weight of one of these is estimated to be 2000 million times that of the sun, while another is even larger, 3500 million times the weight of the sun. It is evident, therefore, that the Buddhist teaching and the modern astronomer are dealing with magnitudes of the same order; the one calls them great clouds, the other calls them nebulæ; which is Latin for "mist".

We then come to an even closer parallel. Sir James Jeans shows that, if the modern understanding of the forces involved be correct, the irregular condensation of these enormous nebular masses would set up currents, and that these currents would tend to develop what he calls a "spin", a movement of rotation, leading to the formation of immensely large revolving spheres of nebular substance. The Buddhist teaching says that when the cloud has filled every place throughout a hundred thousand times ten million worlds, "a wind arises, below and on the sides of the water, and rolls it into one mass which is round like a drop of water on the leaf of a lotus." One may note in passing that this simile is singularly exact, since Sir James Jeans shows that the earlier revolving spheres of nebular matter would become flattened out into a shape which he compares with a watch; and this is precisely the shape of a drop of water on a lotus leaf.

One point more: the Buddhist teaching asks how it is that the wind can press such an immense volume of water into one mass, and answers that it is because the water offers openings here and there for the wind. This closely corresponds to the lack of symmetry both in shape and arrangement, which Sir James Jeans ascribes to his primal nebular condensations. There is, therefore, a general resemblance both in the fundamental processes outlined and in the magnitudes considered, between the Buddhist teaching and the present conclusions of astronomy.

One expression deserves special comment, namely, the use of the term "water" by the Buddhist teaching, to describe the substance of the primæval nebulæ. In a note to the second edition of *Stars and Atoms*, Eddington speaks of the constitution of the hypothetical Nebulium, the name given to the substance of the nebulæ. "Nebulium", he says, "turns out to be an oxygen atom with two electrons missing. Singly ionized atoms of oxygen and nitrogen are responsible for the other lines in the nebular spectrum not previously identified." Hydrogen is an element found extensively in the sun and in the stars, which have condensed from the nebulæ. But water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, so that there is nothing fundamentally unscientific in

describing the substance of the nebulæ as uncondensed water, as the Buddhist teachings do. We may, if we wish, think of this merely as a guess. If so, it was a brilliant guess, anticipating spectroscopic discoveries which were completed only two or three years ago, when Nebulium was found to be a form of oxygen.

It would appear, therefore, that we are justified in seeing a close parallelism between the cosmological conclusions of contemporary science and the views set forth by a great Buddhist fifteen centuries ago, and almost certainly derived from the teaching of his Master, twenty-five centuries ago. It is certain that the Buddha and his disciples came to these sane and highly philosophical conclusions without either telescope or spectroscope, the magical implements of our contemporary sages. There is an explanation in the teachings of the Buddha, but we need not consider it now.

Let us close with an interesting parallel, which carries us back to our point of departure: the comparison drawn by the Buddha between what is, and what is not, profitable material of study for the disciple. A recent book by Eddington, published in 1929, concludes with an eloquent section on Mystical Religion, from which a few suggestive sentences may be quoted:

"We have seen that the cyclic scheme of physics presupposes a background outside the scope of its investigations. In this background we must find, first, our own personality, and then perhaps a greater personality. The idea of a universal Mind or Logos would be, I think, a fairly plausible inference from the present state of scientific theory. . . . It is obvious that the insight of consciousness, although the only avenue to what I have called *intimate* knowledge of the reality behind the symbols of science, is not to be trusted implicitly without control. . . . One begins to fear that after all our faults have been detected and removed there will not be any 'us' left. But in the study of the physical world we have ultimately to rely on our sense-organs, although they are capable of betraying us by gross illusions; similarly the avenue of consciousness into the spiritual world may be beset with pitfalls, but that does not necessarily imply that no advance is possible."

One may conceive the Buddha answering: "The pitfalls are there; but it is the duty of the Buddha, and of all Masters, to open the eyes of the disciple to these pitfalls, to guide his feet through them, to the way of truth. After that, perhaps, the time may come to consider the building of the stars."

FRAGMENTS

I WOULD have you one who lives upon the heights. Though your feet may tread the valleys, in their stifling heat, along their dusty roads, yet dwell in thought and mind among the everlasting snows. It is silent there; the keen, pure air has life divine,— a Presence broods upon it. Why sink to lower levels, with their idle fancies and most foolish cares? On the strong wings of faith and prayer soar upward. So each dawn will bring illumination, each evening bathe your soul in light and glory; and through the day, fulfilling appointed tasks, the atmosphere of those great heights shall flood the streets and lanes through which you pass, the very houses you enter, the very air you breathe; uplifting, purifying, rarefying. Some of the illumination of your dawns shall touch the faded thoughts of other men; some of the glory of your evenings irradiate the deadened hearts about you.

In what perplexities dost thou not entangle thyself, when, with the oscillating shuttle of thy thought, thou strivest to weave an understanding of Eternal Truth. Not by these means is knowledge to be wrought; but in the stillness and retreat of contemplation, the vesture of thy highest ideation can take form and visibility,—come to birth within thy consciousness.

Though in action thou mayest remain pure, it can be only as detached from action in itself; living in the heart of it, reaching out from the centre of it, without moving from that centre. Impure, what availeth action on any plane, save to sow seeds of future destruction whereby Divine Substance is rescued from misuse? Action purifies that which is impure, as poisoned waters become sweet again by passing over earth and sand.

Yet to preserve that pure which in its vital essence is purity itself, no breath, no movement from the lower worlds must reach it; and to find its expression in thyself, thou must hold unquivering beneath it, in thy upstretched hands, the burnished mirror of a tranquil mind.

CAVÉ.

THREE PHASES OF EXPERIENCE

The knowledge of the absolute Spirit, like the effulgence of the sun, or like heat in fire, is naught else than the absolute Essence itself.

SHANKARA ACHARYA.

REFERENCE was made, in a previous article[1], to the work of the French philosopher, Jules de Gaultier, and in particular to his view of the contemplative life as the proper expression of the nature of man. The practice of contemplation, he says, is "the path in which the individual advances towards himself, in order that he may see himself reflected in the mirror of a universal consciousness." This contemplative ideal, according to Gaultier, has been realized, in varying degrees, by certain individuals, and the history of Jesus is a record of its complete attainment.

In a recent essay[2], Gaultier raises the question of the reality of human knowledge. There is a very old question which has troubled philosophers for centuries: is it possible for man to form an idea of the nature of being which bears any relation to the objective truth? Gaultier answers, as a mystic might answer, that real knowledge is attainable, in so far as the knower develops in himself the germ of the contemplative power. The perfected seer does not contemplate a void; he perceives cosmic Nature as "the mirror of a universal consciousness", and he sees himself as a ray of that universal consciousness reflected there.

Gaultier adopts, as a starting-point, the axiom that the world is, in essence, one and indivisible. But if such be the nature of being, knowledge is not only possible; it is innate in the individual. In a real organic unity, the individual parts are not isolated and detachable, for each part is an undivided fragment of the whole, and participates in the nature of the whole. The individual contemplating the Universe is the Universe contemplating an aspect of itself. The contemplative power in the individual is a continuation and a culmination of the creative or manifesting power in cosmic Nature.

Gaultier's speculations along this line are valuable in themselves. For students of Theosophy they possess an additional interest, because they suggest and often parallel certain Eastern doctrines which were used as vehicles for the expression of Theosophy during the last century. There is no implication that Gaultier's thought has been directly influenced by Indian metaphysics. One notes, however, that he refers to the Hindu philosophers with sympathy and respect. He asserts that "the critical application of the Hindu point of view might be a source of renewed life for our metaphysics".

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[1] THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October 1928; pp. 156–166; art. "Contemplation and Morality."
[2] *Mercure de France*, August 1, 1929; pp. 547–577; art. "Les Trois Phases de l'Expérience."

"What is knowledge?" asks Gaultier, and answers: "It is the manifestation to its own vision, of a single activity which is that Metaphysical Experience outside which nothing exists."

Gaultier's terminology is hard to master and sometimes exasperating, but full credit must be given him for the invention of this term, Metaphysical Experience, *l'Expérience métaphysique*. He uses it to denote the Substance, the *natura naturans*, which underlies manifestation. In order to appreciate its value, one must remember that the French word, *expérience*, is not exactly translated by the English equivalent. It means "experience", but it also means "experiment" or "trial." Therefore, it suggests a vital experience which does not remain static but is continuously testing and proving itself. It is excellently adapted to express the dynamic quality, the constant activity, the transforming energy, of the Power which forms and dissolves the worlds. We speak from our own knowledge, when we say that we act under the impulsion of our experience, and that we cannot act without adding to our experience some consciousness of the action. From one point of view, the act and the consciousness which follows it, are potentially present in our experience from the beginning. Their actual expression changes the "quality" rather than the "quantity" of our being. By analogy, one may imagine Metaphysical Experience as the unified life of the Macrocosm, the *anima mundi*, the source and also the fruition of all existences in space and time. Manifestation represents the cyclic passage of Metaphysical Experience from an implicit or passive to an explicit or active condition. The term, "metaphysical", as here used, has the connotation of "macrocosmic" or "universal".

Gaultier continues: "This Experience, though itself a unity, is constrained to draw from itself the two terms, subject and object, whenever it enters into relation with itself. Its essence is, therefore, movement, the movement whereby it divides itself by itself". This might be a commentary upon the Vedantin tenet thus paraphrased in *The Secret Doctrine:* "Parabrahm (the One Reality, the Absolute) is the field of Absolute Consciousness, i.e. that Essence which is out of all relation to conditioned existence, and of which conscious existence is a conditioned symbol. But once that we pass in thought from this (to us) Absolute Negation, duality supervenes in the contrast of Spirit (or consciousness) and Matter, Subject and Object" (Ed. 1888, I, 15). "The movement whereby it divides itself by itself" is virtually a definition of Mâyâ, the Great Illusion, "the cosmic power which renders phenomenal existence and the perceptions thereof possible" (*Theosophical Glossary*, 195).

Gaultier distinguishes three phases of Experience. In the first, "it gives itself its object. . . . It improvises itself in a series of movements which become the principle of all the order which will subsequently be found in the Universe." In the second phase, Experience becomes conscious of the object which it has improvised out of its own substance. The movement, which had expanded and differentiated itself into the atoms and elements, turns back towards its source and "becomes" sensation. The third phase begins at the moment when sensation, in turn, "becomes" contemplation. Experi-

ence acquires consciousness of itself as a unity. In other words, consciousness becomes active in a condition which transcends the apparent division of the One into subject and object. The individual detaches himself from the life of sensation and from the "sense of separateness". He loses the notion of himself as a subject distinct from the object which he contemplates, and recognizes the source of his Selfhood as identical with the source of all that is or can be.

"Mâyâ is the Shakti of Âtman", said the Hindu sage, or, as the Sankhya School has expressed the same idea, "the Universe exists for purposes of Soul." The Great Illusion of division and separateness is an essay of cosmic magic whereby the One Self gains and increases the consciousness of Itself. The One Self emanates the manifested world, as a poet improvises his verse, in order to gain Self-knowledge. If the poet had known the form of the poem, before he produced it, there would have been no stimulus for him to create. So Gaultier thinks of Experience as "improvising its own Epic", after which it withdraws inwards from its creation "*in an act of knowledge*". Bergson says somewhere that consciousness is that which always draws forth from itself more than it contains.

"Our dualistic tradition", declares Gaultier, "the heritage of Greece and Judæa, has not accustomed us to consider metaphysics in such terms. It presents a problem which has been arbitrarily solved by a realistic hypothesis. This hypothesis represents the object as existing in itself, as external to the sum-total of experience. It removes from metaphysics all considerations which have any bearing upon the genesis of the object. The object is presented as a miracle. However, if we speculate from the viewpoint of a unified Experience, the problem of the genesis of the object, which the Hindus have not neglected, restores life to metaphysics."

The philosophical dualist argues that the separation between consciousness and its object, between the perceiver and the thing perceived, is not an appearance, due to the limited range of our present minds and physical senses, but is an absolute distinction. A man of great intellectual power, Immanuel Kant, erected the doctrine of the abyss between subject and object into a dogma which effectively paralyzed philosophical thought for more than a century. Granted his premises, his deductions are, indeed, unassailable. If the perceiver and the perceived be wholly unrelated to each other, or if it be impossible to discover any relation between them, it must follow that any effort of man to gain real knowledge of the world external to himself, is doomed, in advance, to failure. Such an effort is a waste of time, and a frivolous expenditure of energies which should be devoted to the practical end of keeping alive the sense of our actual personal identity as vigorously as possible. Kant himself gave a noble interpretation of the life which is still possible for man within the limits of his subjective sphere; but others—including most of his own compatriots—have revealed less excellent instincts. Kant's system can be used to justify the varieties of moral materialism which afflict the Twentieth Century, because it magnifies the subjective aspect of reality and, therefore,

reinforces egotism. Incidentally, it is significant that Kant's philosophy has been one of the supports of German militarism, although with equal consistency his ideas have been quoted in favour of those who work for "peace at any price."

The point is that philosophical dualism generates a series of illusions because it is itself the creature of illusion. It is only an intellectual exposition of the "dire heresy of separateness", which is, according to Buddhism, the primal cause of all the pain and sin to which man is heir. It is the product of *Avidyâ*, the unwisdom which is born of limitation and which accepts limitation as unavoidable and unchangeable. In the Vedantin system, *Avidyâ* is a state of consciousness which is one of the permutations of cosmic *Mâyâ* or *Prakriti*, the cause of every appearance of differentiation in Nature. As a transitory phase, *Avidyâ* may be conceived as necessary, limited consciousness being the matrix of the limitless. But regarded as an end in itself, *Avidyâ* is the root of evil.

"Did you ever suspect", writes an Eastern philosopher, "that Universal, like finite, human mind might have two attributes, or a dual power—one the voluntary and conscious, the other the involuntary and unconscious or the mechanical power. . . . Man has two distinct physical brains; the cerebrum . . . the source of the voluntary nerves; and the cerebellum, . . . the fountain of the involuntary nerves which are the agents of the unconscious or mechanical powers of the mind to act through. . . . Contrary in that to the finite, the 'infinite' mind . . . exhibits but the functions of its cerebellum, the existence of its supposed cerebrum being admitted as above stated, but on the inferential hypothesis deduced from the Kabalistic theory (correct in every other relation) of the Macrocosm being the prototype of the Microcosm. . . . It is the particular faculty of the involuntary power of the infinite mind . . . to be eternally involving subjective matter into objective atoms. . . . And it is likewise that same involuntary mechanical power that we see so intensely active in all the fixed laws of nature" (*The Mahatma Letters*, 137–138).

One may compare this view of the "involuntary and unconscious or mechanical power" in Nature with Gaultier's theory that the "creation" of the material Universe is fundamentally the "improvisation" of a Metaphysical Experience which is moved, as it were, by the subconscious impulse to become conscious of itself. In the words of the *Veda*, "Desire first arose in That which was the primal germ of Mind."

"Since Experience is one", says Gaultier, defining its first phase, "it can possess no knowledge other than that of its own activity, and it follows that its phase of improvisation logically precedes its phase of reflection upon itself. We cannot conclude, however, that a reflective and conscious activity follows immediately the first gestures of the objective activity. . . . It is, then, possible that a long and considerable phase of objective improvisation may occur, in subconscious form, before it divides itself and (active) consciousness

appears as a factor. . . . The observation of the phenomenal world induces us to accept as a fact this hypothesis of a metaphysical Subconscious manifesting as an objective improvisation. . . . One finds the unconscious actors, the first elements of the drama, represented by the totality of physico-chemical reactions, by all those bodies that are joined together by a relation of cause and effect in which we cannot discover a trace of consciousness."

Thus Gaultier suggests that the physical world is the product of the subconscious activity of a universal "mind" which conceals from us its intellective and voluntary faculties,—if it has them. As the product of a subconscious activity, a physical body, in this first stage of its "improvisation", may be compared to an impulse or impression which is present as a centre of force within the sphere of our mental-emotional nature, but which lies outside the zone of our conscious attention. Such an impulse or impression assumes objective form whenever the zone of attention expands so as to include it. In dreams, for example, there occurs an apparent division of the individual into a subjective half and an objective half. This suggests, at least, the process whereby the "involuntary and unconscious or mechanical power" in the Universe improvises the *imago* of the world which is to be, this *imago* becoming an object of perception whenever and wherever a voluntary and actively conscious nature enters into contact with it.

It would be difficult to find many modern Western parallels for Gaultier's idea that "matter" exists as a state of metaphysical or macrocosmic subconsciousness before it assumes the appearance of an assembly of objects external to the consciousness which perceives it. The Hindus, who have meditated for centuries upon these questions, have drawn a distinction between *Prakriti* or objective matter, and *Mûlaprakriti* or root-matter. Root-matter "is not matter as we know it, but the spiritual essence of matter." It is the ineffable manifestation or "veil" of "the Absolute Consciousness behind phenomena, which is only termed unconsciousness in the absence of any element of personality" (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 35, 51).

The second phase of Experience belongs, in its early stages, to biology, as the first stage belongs to physics. It is marked by the division of the single activity which forms the *imago* of matter, into subject and object, into perceiver and perceived. This single activity becomes dual, in the sense that part of its movement continues to expand outwardly, while another part reverses itself and returns inwards towards the source of the activity. The returning movement is mysteriously converted into sensation.[3] The birth of sensation coincides with the division of the One into its subjective and objective halves.

We can study this strange transformation of motion into sensation at every instant of our daily lives, for it occurs whenever we consciously respond

[3] Hardly "mysterious", since the moment consciousness becomes dual, i.e., has recognition of itself, sensation is there—recognition implying sensation; since, spiritually speaking, *touch* is a higher faculty, and therefore precedes perception or *sight:* it is possible to touch an idea with the mind before we can see it. There can be nothing mysterious in that which is obviously necessary. As indicated in the quotation from *The Secret Doctrine* above, sensation exists independently of the element of personality.—EDITORS.

to a physical stimulus. We shall never understand it with our present faculties, Gaultier thinks, "because the metamorphosis is part of the phase of metaphysical activity which precedes the division of that activity into subject and object and because it participates in the act of the division. . . . But let us retain this idea; the exact point when the metaphysical activity ceases to improvise itself in the order of causality and motion, in order to turn back towards itself,—this very point marks the extreme periphery where it realizes its nature by entering into a relation with itself. It is the instant when objective activity ceases and subjective activity begins. The relation of these two activities is that of means to end, for the objective furnishes a theme for the edification of the subjective."

Here again Gaultier writes as if he were commenting upon one of the central ideas of the Eastern Wisdom. For example, there is this passage from *The Secret Doctrine*, a continuation of the first quotation cited above: "Apart from Cosmic Substance, Cosmic Ideation could not manifest as individual consciousness, since it is only through a vehicle of matter that consciousness wells up as 'I am I', a physical basis being necessary to focus a ray of the Universal Mind at a certain stage of complexity." This manifestation of individual consciousness is represented as occurring in man who stands at the turning-point of a planetary evolution. In man, the life-current, which has been descending for aeons into the abyss of illusory differentiation, converts itself, and begins its long ascent homewards towards the condition of spiritual unity, from which it emerged in the dawn of the Great Cycle or *Manvantara*.

"The human Ego", continues Gaultier, "is the goal of the objective improvisation, and represents the point at which this improvisation is reflected in an act of consciousness." In other words, man is the first being on this planet to whom we can attribute rational self-consciousness as distinguished from a consciousness which is instinctive or vegetative or mechanical. But the initial appearance of self-consciousness on the scene of the drama does not introduce the end of the play. On the contrary, all that has preceded is only the prologue; the real play is just beginning.

The first acts of the drama have many elements of tragedy. "It would seem that, with the appearance of active consciousness, the essential condition is attained when Experience should be able to attain its end of Self-knowledge. The physico-chemical world might conceivably be the object of vision, and might awaken in the human spectator painless perceptions of sound, colour and resistance. . . . But the metaphysical Odyssey is completed in another way. The phase of painless perception is preceded by another phase which is the tragic accompaniment of the sensations of pleasure and pain that bind man to Nature. At the very moment when man's eyes open upon the world, he has the experience of pain, and turns away from the joy of vision to resist suffering."

There is no real cause for lamenting the evident fact that man is destined to become something more than a serene and passive observer of physico-chemical processes in their frame of space and time. If the material world

be the mirror of a universal consciousness, it is significant to the observer in so far as his attention is attracted by the Reality, which is reflected in the mirror. The first objective of the observer is to see physical existence "under the form of Eternity", or—to use Gaultier's language—as a revelation of the Experience of which it is a subconscious improvisation. But the true seer aspires ultimately to perceive Reality, not as in a glass darkly, but face to face. That Reality has been described in the Vedanta as a Consciousness which is itself the object of its contemplation.

"All excellent things", said Spinoza, "are as difficult as they are rare." The contemplative man is formed in the matrix of Nature, and must learn to detach his sense of identity from the body of his illusions, even while he is still forced to use that body as an instrument in his acquisition of a real Self-consciousness. The life of sensation is the probation of the soul.

"The human Ego is manifested . . . by a double phenomenon. On the one hand, Experience appears in man as the object of its own vision, and for the first time exists for itself. On the other hand, Experience continues in man its creative improvisation in a new phase. This phase is characterized by the appearance of pleasures and pains."

The duality of human nature, a manifestation of *Avidyâ*, has been, through the centuries, the substance of history, the central theme of literature, and the despair of moralists. It is unnecessary to explain or to describe it, for it is part of our intimate experience, a fact of knowledge for everyone who has at any time confessed with St. Paul: "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

Unfortunately, we cannot conclude that every individual must necessarily and without effort on his part escape from the treadmill of pleasure and pain, and reach the plane of contemplative serenity. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe, with Gaultier, that the stress of pleasure and pain can become a phase of initiation into the contemplative life. One must respond to the opportunity: that is all.

"The only resource of the spirit in its struggle with pain and evil is to appeal to a new sense, to the contemplative sense which has the power of dissolving into nothingness the whole drama of our pleasures, and of our sufferings which are greater than our pleasures. But it does not annihilate the drama, until it has drawn forth from this the elements of its vision."

There is this stanza from the *Bhagavad Gîta:* "He who even here, before the liberation from the body, is able to withstand the impetuous rush of desire and wrath, he is united, he is the happy man" (V, 23).

The third phase of Experience is, therefore, marked by the translation of the sense of identity from the life of sensation to the life of contemplation. Hindu psychology, it may be remarked, is full of references to such a transmutation of consciousness, and has defined stages which mark the increase of *Dhyâna*, the contemplative power, and the corresponding diminution of *Ahankâra*, "the egotistical and *mâyâvic* principle in man." In one of its meanings, the *Nirvâna* of Buddhism seems to signify the culmination of

Dhyâna, when the Self is definitely liberated from the life of sensation, and contemplates the Universe face to face, without mediation, in a direct vision which is also an act of union.

Gaultier does not venture into these depths. He does not speculate upon the ultimate dissociation of the contemplative faculty from sensation, but stresses, rather, the power of the contemplative to experience the joy of disinterested vision, even while, in the sensuous part of his nature, he must continue to feel pleasure and pain and to be vulnerable to every "accident" of Nature.

There is a good reason why the contemplative may deliberately refuse to hasten his evolution. He may be moved by compassion for others less fortunate than himself. By sharing their pleasures and pains, and at the same time by manifesting his detachment, he is in a position to help them, if help can be given.

Gaultier does not feel an unbounded optimism when he contrasts the need of humanity with the apparently limited ability of the contemplatives to satisfy it. "It does not depend upon them—and they know it—that the species of the contemplative man be developed."

In one sense, it does not depend upon them. The grace of God—or its equivalent, in other terms—is the only certain and effective force in the Universe. The contemplative cannot alter the course of Nature. But if he cannot oppose Nature, he can do something better; he can coöperate.

It would seem that at this point the theosophical philosophy opens a door which Gaultier has hesitated to approach or to recognize. For a student of Theosophy, there is no contradiction in the doctrine that the man who has brought to fruition within himself the contemplative power, has by this act immortalized himself. In other words, the seer has individualized an undivided fragment of the Universal Consciousness, and this individual is immortal because its parent, the Universal, is immortal. The individual is an integration of the Universal, or from another point of view and with a change of terms, the Universal assumes individuality when it manifests the attribute of Self-consciousness.

In the light of this theory of individuality, the ancient Logos Doctrine becomes profoundly significant. In its aspect which is, perhaps, most intelligible to us, the Logos or Divine Mind appears as the host of those who have gained Self-consciousness. No individual can enter that host, it is said, without blazing the trail for others. By the mere fact of being what he is, he makes more substantial and more "visible" the ideal "form" reserved for humanity. He cannot force men to follow him, but he can help them on their way.

The Master has been called a "conscious collaborator with Nature."

STANLEY V. LADOW.

SUCCESSFUL SPECULATION

IN the window of a real estate office near New York there is this sign:

"One good investment equals a life-time of labour."

Unjust as this seems, particularly to those who regard the greater good fortune of another as an injury to themselves, it is nevertheless a fact, the truth of which is a matter of common knowledge. We all know men of brains, character and industry who have worked hard all their lives to make meagre ends meet, whereas others, without those qualities, or who possess them only in a far less degree, may have acquired great wealth in a short time. Most men have asked themselves why this should be so in a world ruled by law and justice. To say that the explanation lies in the past, the Karma, in this or earlier lives, of the individuals concerned, does not shed much light on the problem. If by a better past, one man has earned greater brain-power and industry than another, why is it that he has not at the same time earned the right to the material rewards of those powers, instead of having to labour for but a small fraction of what the other gains, seemingly with no work at all? A part of the answer doubtless lies in the fact that it is in the growth of the man himself, and not in that of his bank account, that Karma is interested. Our observation would not lead us to believe that the wealthy who do not have to work, are happier, or grow faster, than those who must earn their living. Quite the contrary—but that is not our present point.

There is another problem—perhaps not unrelated to the first. Why is it that so many of those who are trying for chêlaship, merely plod along, working at themselves and their faults with dogged perseverance, year after year, year after year, and yet getting nowhere,—the routine clerks and bookkeepers of the spiritual life until they die?

One of the fundamental principles of Theosophy is that the universe is one, governed by one set of laws, and that the material world is only the reflection of the spiritual. Hence the laws and forces governing material success must be the reflection—however inverted—of the laws of spiritual success. We are not now speaking of modest attainment, but of pre-eminent success, great wealth in the material world, or great wealth in the spiritual world,—which is chêlaship. If we can discover what the forces or qualities are which, when perverted to material ends, may lead to swift material success, we may learn much of the qualities needed to attain swiftly the goal of chêlaship.

"One good investment equals a life-time of labour." What are the qualities that the successful speculator uses?

First of all, he must have some capital. A very little may be enough to begin with, but some he must have. If not, he must plod until he makes it, and what he makes, he must save for his purpose. If he spend it in self-indulgence, he will have to begin again. Next, he must have a sound judgment

of values, a quality that can only be obtained as a result of hard, long-continued and intelligent effort—in this or a former life. To be successful, his purchases must be the outcome of this judgment of values. If, as is the case with most speculators, he buys, not because of the value of what he purchases, but from a desire to "get rich quick", or to get something without working for it, or from the mere love of gambling and excitement, he courts sure disaster, sooner or later. To sound judgment, the successful speculator must add both courage and decision; decision to act boldly on his judgment, courage to risk all on his conviction that he is right. He decides that something—some piece of real estate, for instance—can be bought for much less than its real value. He borrows as much as he can from his bank, puts up all his own capital as security, and makes the purchase, running the risk of losing all he has if he be mistaken; or, on the other hand, if his judgment of values has been sound, with the prospect of making a large profit, perhaps many times his entire original capital. Patience is now necessary, for there is often a long period during which he is without the use of his capital and seems to have received nothing in return. If he lack patience and perseverance, he may have been right and yet lose his reward by yielding to discouragement and giving up too soon. If he perseveres and wins, he acquires the power to make larger gains through the use of his increased capital, provided always that his judgment of values continues to be right.

Does not this sequence conform exactly with the law governing growth in the spiritual world? First some spiritual capital is necessary, and, until we get it, there is nothing for us but dreary plodding at the eradication of our vices and the development of our virtues. Weary and tedious work it is, the job of a routine clerk in the spiritual world, as dull and uninspiring as footing a ledger. But once that minimum of capital has been acquired—and not wasted again in self-indulgence—the situation changes. We are allowed to catch a glimpse of chêlaship, the "Pearl of great price", and our standard of values is tested. Like the speculator, our need now is for decision, courage and a sound judgment of true values. Do we realize that the "great price" is far less than the pearl's worth, and are we willing to "sell all that we have" to gain it, giving up our known pleasures for an unknown joy, resigning self-gratification in all its forms for a selfless reward? And have we the decision and the courage to make our choice, and the perseverance to stand by it, staking all on our faith in the infinite worth of that which we have seen? If we have, the whole Lodge stands ready to loan us all that we need, so that we, too, may multiply our capital many times.

If we will not take the risk, if we lack the faith or the courage to let go of what we have for the hope of gaining infinitely more; or if our judgment of values be still unformed, so that we treasure our desires for self too much to exchange them for a far greater, but as yet unexperienced good, clerks we are, and clerks we shall remain to the end of the chapter, plodding along at our petty vices or equally petty virtues, and getting nowhere.

ROLAND PAGE.

WAR MEMORIES

VI

Life In Occupied Belgium

THE longer I stayed in Brussels, the more I saw of relentless oppression on the part of the Germans; of growing and reckless defiance on the part of the Belgians. For every man who was deported or shot, ten seemed to spring up to avenge him in some strange and unexpected way. Yet the shooting continued. Denunciations were aimed at those in the highest positions of authority as well as at the most obscure, and the slightest suspicion of a petty official, or even an anonymous letter, was enough to seal the fate of the accused person. No one was safe, and we all knew it. I think the *espionnage* was the worst feature of life at this time, for we could go nowhere without the feeling that treacherous hands might seize any one of us at any moment. We had to be careful of the least thing we said or did in public, perhaps in the trams more than anywhere else. German spies, both men and women, were thick, and rode in them day and night; some of the women spies were reported even to be dressed as nuns, and we never knew who might be sitting beside us.

There were heart-racking scenes in the streets too—scenes which seemed to burn themselves into your memory. I recall one day as I was walking down the Rue du Marché aux Herbes, in the middle of the town, that I noticed a man just ahead of me strolling quietly along with his wife. Suddenly I saw a German officer of low rank, accompanied by a couple of soldiers, approach him from the rear, and without warning lay a heavy hand on his shoulder. No word was spoken; no word was necessary; the man knew but too well what it meant—that he was "suspect"; that his turn had come. I saw him go white—how could he help it; I heard the agonized protests of his wife. Then I saw him hurried away, pushed along like an animal, his wife following close in the desperate hope that she could save him, pulling at the sleeves of the soldiers, imploring them to listen, till at last she was literally beaten off; and I knew that if I could but learn that man's name, I would find it among other names of the *fusillés* the next day. For the firing squads were busy. If you stopped to read one of the *affiches*—blood-red they always were—posted up at street corners, you would see lists of the names of men and women alike, who had been shot that morning for one supposed offence or another. Then the following day (if again you stopped to look) you would find a fresh blood-red *affiche* pasted over the last, and so on. The martyrdom increased; the strangle grip tightened; the Germans were trying their best to crush the spirit of the Belgians—but they never succeeded in doing so. Though they were too dense to recognize it, or too arrogant to admit it, they had, as a matter of fact, met a force superior to their own.

We had wonderful bits of news from time to time, which illustrated this; news which sifted through, we never knew quite how, after some of the mock "trials" of well known Belgians, who had been arrested, but who were too prominent to make it advisable to shoot them unceremoniously. The "trial" of the elderly Comtesse de Jonghe made a great stir. Summoned to appear before a court martial, because she had attempted to defend her little granddaughter, roughly handled in the street, she was faced by rows of German officers spangled with decorations. As usual, no lawyer for the defence was permitted. Seating herself calmly, she refused to stand when ordered to do so. When, as a matter of form, she was told by the presiding officer, to give her name, she replied, haughtily:

"It is far more important that you tell me yours; it may be of service to me in the future."

When accused of having done something—I forget now, what it was, but something which she had not done, she retorted with spirit:

"You know perfectly well that is a lie."

And when at the end of the trial (her punishment having been pronounced), all the officers solemnly rose to take the final oath together, she swept her eyes over them in fine scorn:

"*Le serment allemand!*" she laughed derisively, "*On le connait déjà!*"

One can imagine not only the fury, but also the embarrassment of those men, for the Comtesse de Jonghe held a position of importance; her husband, during his lifetime, had been Minister at Vienna, and she was known personally to at least one of those who were present in that room—the young Graf Metternich, who had made the original accusation, though he had, before the War, actually been a guest at her house in Brussels.

This trial became quite an *affaire*, which, though it was only one of many, is not surprising considering the rank of those concerned; but there were the obscure victims of German oppression; men and women who, in any real sense, never had a trial at all, because they were too inconspicuous to be missed—why waste a trial on them? Yet their spirit was the same, unbroken, defiant, like the young Belgian woman, condemned to be shot at sunrise, who spent the last night of her life, while in prison, fearlessly singing *La Brabançonne*, and crying in a loud voice, "*Vive le Roi!*"

The Belgians were not only openly defiant, however. There is a negative insolence which can be more exasperating, more defeating, than flagrant insurrection, and it was in the trams, perhaps, that one had the best examples of this, for it was not at all uncommon to see a fairly well filled first class compartment empty itself with astonishing rapidity, into the second class, when a German or two entered, and I confess it used to afford me great satisfaction to notice some of the more susceptible Germans colour with annoyance when this occurred. The meaning of the unanimous exit was too pointed to be lost even by them. But it was the mock courtesy, so deliberate as to be humiliating, so polished as to give no possible excuse for revenge, which was the best of all. A Belgian gentleman, known to some of us, found, on

one occasion, that he was on the point of getting into a tram at the same moment as a German officer. They collided. The German, his dignity ruffled, remarked with what was intended as biting sarcasm:

"*Après vous, Monsieur!*"

Whereupon the Belgian, with a cool bow, stood aside, saying in his turn:

"*Mais non, Monsieur, après vous; je suis chez moi.*"

I fancy that even the most thick-skinned of the Germans in occupied Belgium must sometimes have wondered if, after all, the "mailed fist" was the one and only method of dealing with a "conquered" enemy.

As the long, dark winter months of 1914–1915 slipped by, conditions grew worse; restrictions increased, and with them came more suffering. In Brussels, though little material damage had been done in the town itself, we found life sad and precarious enough, but when, with a tightening of the heart, we listened to the distant boom of the guns on the Yser, where we knew that a fight to the death was going on, we realized that, after all, our days in Brussels were relatively uneventful. I had been told repeatedly, that if you wanted to see real War-time conditions, you must go into the provinces. So, when toward spring I was given a short respite from work at the hospital, I determined, if possible, to see these things for myself; to learn at first hand from the very people who had suffered the most, something of what those sufferings had been. It was not easy to get the necessary passes; private citizens were not supposed to circulate, and getting from place to place was a problem at best. Fortunately, just at this time, I met an American woman who was about to start on a semi-official tour of certain provincial localities, in the hope of tracing some English girls, known to have been left as *pensionnaires*, just before war broke out, in one or another of the many convents scattered over Belgium. Only fragmentary news of these girls had reached the distracted parents at home, and every effort was to be made to discover and repatriate them. Offering my temporary services for this work, therefore, I again found my "official excuse" for making this impromptu tour of inspection—though I did not, of course, so name it when being interviewed by the authorities. I had some difficulty at the *Kommandantur*. Why did I want to go into the provinces? What was I going to do when I got there? Then (having mentioned the name of a certain town which we wished to visit), to my unbounded surprise:

"That is too near the frontier. You cannot go there."

That wretched frontier! I had hardly had time to think of it since I had crossed it, months ago, and here it was, staring me in the face once more. What was the meaning of it? Despite the unsolved mystery, however, I got my passes, and again I left the *Kommandantur*, and the memory of the frontier with it. No time to bother about little things like that! But how well I remember the day we started, and the severe "jolt" I received. With our small hand bags, we had just entered a tram which was to take us to the station and our train. As we seated ourselves, something—I have never known what—made me turn my head quickly, in the direction of the rear

platform, where a German officer, and a man in civilian dress, who had stepped on immediately after us, were standing. I was just in time to see the officer point at me (I must have taken him by surprise, turning so quickly) and say to his companion: "It is *that* one." I confess I had a very cold shiver indeed. It was the first time, so far as I knew, that I had definitely been marked "suspect", though very likely I had been watched and followed for a long time without noticing it. The only thing to do now, of course, was to appear to have seen nothing, and to continue my way according to schedule. But it was not altogether pleasant, and I may as well record here that, during my whole tour, this unknown man turned up at the most unexpected places. Evidently I was not allowed for long out of his sight.

We had planned to go first to Liège, and from there get, by cart or otherwise (transport being difficult), to several of the neighbouring towns and villages, where we hoped to find some of the English girls who were on our list. I had never been in that part of the country, and it was very much in the spirit of a pilgrimage that I found myself embarking on this journey; for the world will never forget (at least I hope it will not) that tiny corner of Belgium where the first stern and desperate stand was made, in under-garrisoned fort, in rustic village, or in open field, against that grey-green horde of invaders, which swept like a whirlwind over the frontier in the pale, early light of that August dawn, 1914. It is, perhaps, difficult to imagine, after this lapse of years, and with the weight of "peace time conditions" to deaden our memories and our sympathies, the blank consternation which must have reigned in those little outlying towns and hamlets, when the inhabitants found themselves suddenly overwhelmed. German troops under von Emmich had, it is true, been concentrating for several days on the frontier, but the Belgian peasants, paying little heed to what they thought "idle rumours", had no real conception, until it was too late, of the danger which threatened them, for Germany invaded Belgium before any declaration of war had been made,[1] and many of those unhappy people, caught in the first terrible onslaught, were, on that fateful summer morning, almost literally wakened out of sleep to find themselves surrounded and overpowered. Yet, even with that fearful shock of surprise, how little they guessed all the horrors that were in store for them.

The Germans crossed the Belgian frontier on the same date, and it has been said, almost at the same hour that they had invaded France in 1870—they are addicted to the spectacular. They swarmed into the peaceful Belgian countryside along several different routes, running west from Aix-la-Chapelle and Malmedy, their first objective being, of course, Liège. Between that great fortress and the frontier to the south-east, there stretch many miles of beautiful, hilly country, at times heavily wooded, where deep shadowy

[1] "Germany sent her ultimatum to Belgium on the evening of August 2nd. It announced that Germany would violate Belgian neutrality within twelve hours, unless Belgium betrayed it herself, and it was rejected by Belgium the following morning." Toynbee, *The German Terror in Belgium*, page 17.

"The Germans invaded Belgium in the night of August 3–4 without any declaration of war. . . . Germany's final notification of her intentions was not presented in Brussels until about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 4th." Allen, *The Great War*, vol. III, pages 36–7.

gorges and glens shelter swift-running mountain streams, cold and turbulent. It is the northern extremity of the Ardennes, a country which would have been easy to defend, and difficult for large armies to penetrate, save that the invasion was wholly unexpected. To the north of Liège, a great table-land sweeps westward—the best kind of country for the movement of troops on a large scale—but before reaching it, the Meuse would have to be crossed, and it was in order to accomplish this that the surprise attack on the little town of Visé was made, for at that point the river was spanned by a strong bridge. As Liège itself was the key to the valley of the Meuse, so the Meuse has been called "the gateway to the Belgian plains", and it was of the utmost importance to the Germans that before the Belgian army could be fully mobilized, or the French could send reinforcements to dispute their advance, they (the Germans) should secure a firm position on the left bank of the river. Hence it was that, in the night of August 3–4, a small body of Uhlans, and an advance guard of 1500 infantry packed into 150 motor cars, were rushed forward through Gemmenich, just over the border, these being followed by the slower marching columns. The sound of those galloping horses, and that small army of military cars tearing over the silent country roads, through the summer darkness, must have caused the utmost astonishment and misgiving in the minds of the rudely awakened peasants, who watched them sweep past in their headlong descent on Visé. It was the first intimation they had that war had come.

From the very first the German treatment of the Belgian civilian population was so iniquitous, so monstrous, as to stagger public imagination. Scarcely had the War begun, when the whole world was standing aghast at the news which reached it from the burning villages and the sacked and ruined towns—news of the wholesale shooting of unarmed men; of the violation of helpless women and young girls; of the mutilation and butchery of children. This news, coming during the first days chiefly as rumours, grew in volume and vividness until there could no longer be any serious doubt as to the horror of what was happening, and steps were almost immediately taken by the Belgian authorities, to investigate the truth of these rumours. Within a very few days after the War had started, Monsieur Carton de Wiart, the Belgian Minister of Justice, formed, first in Brussels and later continued in Antwerp, a Commission of Enquiry, which probably was the first of these Commissions to be appointed for the investigation of "alleged atrocities"; but there have been many such since that time, and no impartial man or woman who has taken the trouble to read any of the Reports resulting from these Commissions, can doubt the enormity of the crimes for which Germany is responsible.[2]

There is more than this, however, and worse, for, as the result of the investigation, one horrible fact stands out in bold relief, even against the infamous background of the atrocities themselves—the conclusive evidence which proves that these outrages were *deliberately planned*, perhaps the chief points

[2] See "On the Screen of Time", in this issue of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.—EDITORS.

in the evidence being the striking uniformity in the *kind* of crimes committed in countries by no means contiguous (Belgium and Poland, France and Serbia), and also that these crimes, in the peculiarly vile forms known to us, stopped as abruptly as they began. It has sometimes been said by neutrally-minded people (they generally call themselves "fair-minded") that brutality and crime always accompany warfare, and that the "alleged atrocities" in Belgium and France were no worse than those of any other war; when troops get out-of-hand, "atrocities" always follow, etc. These same people, however, can find no answer when asked to explain the remarkably sudden termination of these early atrocities. You cannot, on a fixed date, stop wholesale murder and debauchery when these are the simple result of out-of-hand troops. "A deliberate policy of terrorism" is the *only* explanation.

The worst of these unspeakable barbarities committed by the Germans, known to all the world as "the atrocities", and being, as they are now recognized because of their bestiality, unique in the annals of "civilized" warfare, all happened within the first three months of the War, and then, in their peculiarly revolting and iniquitous character, they ceased. This, of course, does not mean that *all* atrocities ceased, but, as it has been said: "The crimes of the invasion, and the crimes of the occupation are of a very different order from one another." When Germany saw that the War was not being won as swiftly and as surely as had been anticipated, and that it was therefore unwise to ignore public opinion, the atrocities on the old scale, and of the original monstrous type, ended. Germany, faced by outraged public opinion with charges (thoroughly investigated and well docketed) of murder, rape and incendiarism, of course denied the truth of these allegations (the noble conduct of the German Army being above question), adding that the German Government had ordered an investigation, and that the results of this were "awaited with calmness and confidence." The German Government was thereupon invited by the Allied Governments to explain the tragic presence (in certain specified localities of conquered territory) of "the graves of five or six thousand civilians, recently slain." The answer was: "*Man hat geschossen*"—that was *always* the answer. It was maintained that when German troops were fired upon by civilians, reprisals were necessary as well as inevitable; the guilty must be shot in their turn. But even if these legends of the *franc tireurs* had been true (which, save in rare and isolated cases, could never be proved) the wholesale rape of women and young girls; the bayoneting and strangling of children, even of babies in arms, was still to be explained. The most preposterous, and, to any but a German, tragically ludicrous reasons were sometimes given as excuses for indiscriminate and horrible slaughter. In several cases it was asserted that German troops had been fired upon by girls of fifteen, and this desperado behaviour on the part of Belgian children (for the sake of argument supposing it to be true) appears to have caused such blind panic in the breasts of the intrepid invaders, that, in one case at least, a single little girl was responsible for a general stampede, and so intimidated the Commanding Officer (who claimed that he had been the special target at

which the young Amazon aimed) that he then and there ordered the execution of eighteen civilians of all ages, including several priests. It is proverbial that the German troops, with their officers into the bargain, had a *crise de nerfs* whenever an unexpected shot was heard, even when this shot was later proved to have been fired by one of their own men. But perhaps above all other incriminating evidence, is that of the German soldiers—"German guilt was established by the Germans themselves". The diaries kept by the men in the ranks, and found by the Allies upon the German dead, furnish proof enough that the unspeakable atrocities were "systematically organized".

Of course I heard many stories while I was in the provinces. Few of them, however, can be repeated; but even were this possible, they would pale in the writing, for a welter of horrors seems to fill my memory,—horrors both heard and seen. It was my experience that few of those simple countryfolk wished to speak of what had befallen them; they were very reticent when telling of their sufferings—it could hardly be otherwise, remembering what those sufferings were. There were no heroics; the agony had been too great. But when they *did* speak, it made you feel as though you were touching a red-hot coal; an intense, still heat which smouldered.

While stationed in Ghent, I had thought that the adjacent country where I worked with my unit—that towns like Termonde and Alost for instance—showed a state of devastation which it would be impossible to equal anywhere else; that nowhere else could there be such a pall of desolation, such an atmosphere of misery and suffering. But as I look back on it now, there is a strangely indefinable difference between East Flanders as it was at that early time, and the Liège district when I visited it six months later. I think perhaps, that the distinction was to be found, not so much in what one saw as in what one felt, and perhaps what one felt, just behind the thin veil of material devastation, was the emotional devastation caused by the very *suddenness* of the horror which those poor frontier peasants experienced when they found themselves, and those who were dear to them, facing shame and death of a kind they had never imagined. In almost a moment of time, whole families were wiped out of existence—even before they had fully realized that a war had started. It was the kind of horror which, because of its very sharpness, must have stabbed itself with indelible imprint on the surrounding atmosphere, to remain there for long years afterwards. Yet other parts of Belgium suffered just as much, or more; the massacres at Aerschot, Louvain, Dinant, Tamines, were really worse in many ways, than those at Visé—none the less there was a distinction. You could seldom explain the intangible differences which were felt in the regions where the Germans had passed, but those atmospheric changes (if one may so call them) were familiar to us all. I have known many people to speak of them.

Visé was a small but thriving town of about four thousand souls—a happy, gay little town on the Meuse. In one night it was destroyed, completely, irrevocably. A German describing it wrote: "It vanished from the map." The terrified inhabitants, when they saw the danger that was threatening them, did not know whether to hide in their cellars or to try to escape. Their

hesitation was, in most cases, their doom. When I first saw Visé, in the dusk of a cold and stormy evening—an evening of scudding rack and blustering wind—it was but a mass of blackened, crumbling walls, unimaginably desolate; a sight to make one shudder. Save for a gaunt and stealthy cat or two, moving like shadows, swiftly and noiselessly across the dim, waste spaces (cats always lurked in these ravaged and forsaken towns) there was no living thing in sight. It looked like a place on which a curse had fallen. I got out of the rough, country cart which had brought us to Visé, and groped my way alone into some of the poor tortured houses—pitiful ruins that had once been homes; peeping into the silent, twilight rooms now open to the sky; rooms with tottering walls aslant, ready to crash down, where even in that sad light I could see the spattering of bullet marks which told their tragic story. But the wind shrilled sharply through the openings in the walls, a bitter, crying sound in that silent wilderness, and ghostly faces seemed to crowd too near, so I hurried out again.

At a neighbouring village the next day, I met a man whose home had been in Visé, and I asked him if he would tell me about the coming of the Germans there. "It was horrible," he said, and I saw the colour die out of his face, "but my loss was like those of many others,—I must not forget that." Then he told me of the madness and the terror of that single night; how whole families had been burnt alive in their houses—houses set on fire by the German troops, following the orders of their officers. He saw these orders given, and the methodical way the fires were started, for he was held prisoner in the street, and watched it all. Many of those poor townspeople, however, had stayed indoors, hoping for safety, not guessing what was taking place; until, seeing the spreading conflagration, they came rushing out, vainly thinking to escape. But the Germans, savagely intoxicated, pushed them back into their burning homes, time and time again, threatening to shoot them whenever they ventured out. Some of the men of the town had been seized, and crowded together in groups in the street, where, encircled by a wall of Germans, they were forced to stand outside their own houses as they blazed and crackled. That is what happened to the man who was talking to me: with his hands tied tight behind him, he was placed directly in front of his home where his family was imprisoned, and he watched the panic-stricken face of his wife, pressed against the window, pleading, beseeching; he heard above the hellish noises all about him, the screams of his own children, as the first hot flames caught, and scorched them—he faltered as he told me of it. Then, when the roof crashed in, and everything there was still, he was marched away with many others, the procession swelling as it advanced through the town, joined by more prisoners of all ages and both sexes. The streets, he told me, were like a vast furnace; the stones were hot under his feet as he passed along. The houses, blazing or smouldering on both sides, were flaming torture chambers where the cries of the dying could be heard; or smoking ruins where charred bodies lay, in horrible contortions. He saw the sweat streaming down the faces of those with whom he marched, for the heat from the burning houses was almost past

endurance, and the blinding light made it brighter than day. They were led out into the country, beyond the limits of the town, and there they were herded, without food or shelter, being told that they would all be shot in the morning. There were a great many of them—men and women with little whimpering babies, and young children, crying with hunger and with fright. All that night, he said, he listened to the sound of German troops, moving south along the river, toward Liège. They passed in an endless tide, a grey avalanche in the darkness, which, however, he then realized was not really darkness, because of the glow of the burning town, not far away. When morning came, there was a kind of sorting out, with no particular method so far as he could see, and many were shot as they stood, while others were made to dig graves and bury them. That day, husbands buried wives, and mothers buried children. He was one of those who were turned loose, though he never knew why, and he was now trying to make a fresh start (though he said he had little heart for it) patching together what he could from the wreckage of that one night.

We travelled over a great part of the Liège district, visiting many villages and towns in search of our English girls, and everywhere the stories were the same—loathsome stories of children of two or three and less, with their throats cut, dangling on poles by the roadside, their mothers, first horribly mutilated and finally killed, lying not far off; stories of the ravishing of young girls in the presence of their parents, who, being bound hand and foot, could do nothing to defend them—I talked with two mothers to whom this had happened; stories of the shooting of boys who were "too young to die", as one of them had protested boldly in the face of a firing squad. You never got to the end of these horrors, and always there was the same comment by the Belgian peasants themselves: "But we had no warning; we did not know they were coming until we saw them at our doors." I remember a woman in a little village, somewhat to the north of Battice (I cannot recall the name, for I went to so many) who told me in graphic terms, how she and her husband were drinking their morning coffee on August 4th, when her son, a lad of fourteen, who had just started for some work in the fields, rushed back with the news that German soldiers were pouring into the other end of the village. They listened, and heard the sound of heavy feet marching; then suddenly a shot, and an old man's quavering voice crying out. It was a neighbour of theirs, a man of over eighty, who had by chance been crossing the village street, and who had been shot down for no reason whatever. He had died almost immediately. That first shot, though fired by themselves, seemed to have turned the Germans into wild beasts, she said, and horrible things began to happen almost before she and her husband had time to get up from the table where they were sitting. The Germans came rushing down the village street yelling like demons; shooting in at the windows, breaking down the doors of the houses, bayoneting or shooting people indiscriminately. Within an hour her husband and her boy were both killed at her side, the village had been deliberately set on fire, and she herself, with many others, was then marched

out of it (*driven out*, would be more correct) for several miles along the road, toward Liège. They had to walk in front of the German troops, though they did not know why, nor did they know where they were being taken. When an old woman fell from exhaustion, she was bayoneted in the back, and then kicked to one side of the road; if others so much as stumbled, they were seized and kicked or cut open with a bayonet; a baby, crying too persistently, was shot dead with its mother—one bullet killed them both. At last, after being driven like cattle for many miles, they were told, in broken French by a German officer, that they could return to their village, though there was nothing to return to, for the village was a heap of cinders. And all this time these bewildered peasants who had had no warning that war had come, kept wondering what it all meant—this driving them about the country in front of the Germans—and the woman who was telling me of it said that it was not until sometime later, when she heard of similar experiences in other villages, that she understood the reason for it. Before long, of course, it became a matter of common knowledge that Belgian non-combatants were used as a screen for the Germans, who knew that in this way they were safe from attack by the Belgian Army. It had only been because they did not happen to meet any Belgian troops on that particular occasion, that she and her fellow-prisoners were set at liberty. She said she supposed that people in other villages, farther along the road to Liège, had later been used as a screen in their stead, though she had never, of course, heard.

After we had finished our investigations around Liège, we went on to Namur, and it was in this way that I got to Tamines, and heard at first hand what the Germans had done there. The story of Tamines, one of the blackest in the whole course of the War, became so well known that one hesitates to write about it. Yet, for all its familiarity, many of us have ceased to think of it; some have probably forgotten it.

We reached there late one afternoon, and I, wandering alone through the almost empty streets, past ruined houses, telling the old, brutal tale, came at last to the village church, with its shattered belfry and its bullet-splintered walls, and beside it the little graveyard which had become so celebrated—at least to those of us who lived in Belgium. I turned in here, sadly drawn by the long rows of new, wooden crosses, all of the same rude simplicity, and standing as they did in serried ranks, like a dense forest of tiny trees. They filled to overflowing the small enclosure, which had never been planned for so great and sudden a toll of death. These crosses, all of single date, differed only in the names painted roughly upon them—names of men and women and children, of all ages, from childhood to four score years and ten. Hundreds of these graves there were, and all in that one small village, and all in that one small graveyard, lying so quietly on the banks of the little river Sambre which has given its name to a bloody and ruthless massacre. As I stood looking at these little, closely planted crosses, so eloquent in their very roughness, and the evident haste with which they had been made, I became aware that I was not alone. A peasant woman was standing there among them too, apparently

absorbed in thought, so I kept very still, hoping not to disturb her. Presently, however, seeing that I was a foreigner (and not a German!) she came quietly over and spoke to me, and as we talked, the usual barriers of reticence gradually disappeared. She was a woman of about forty, I should think; sturdy and strong like one accustomed all her life to work in the fields, but with an indescribable air of refinement, none the less; and she told me simply and quite evidently without embellishment, of the utter tragedy of that August day, eight months before.

French troops had already arrived from the neighbourhood of Charleroi, she said, and this at first gave them courage, for many stories had reached them of the terrible things which had happened in other towns. But there were not many of these troops, and one day the Germans swept in like a torrent, pushing them back to the bridge across the river, where there was sharp fighting. The French lost the bridge and had to retreat. The firing was, of course, heard in the village, but no one there knew just what was happening, until some of the Germans suddenly returned, shouting and gesticulating.

"It was early in the day," she said, "and I was at home, when my husband and my two sons came hurrying in, with anxious faces, shutting and bolting the door after them. Then they told me what they had just heard and seen in the village square—that the Germans had come swarming back on the run; that they were livid with hate, shouting that we had fired on them from the rear, while they were fighting the French, and that we were all going to be shot. My husband and I looked at each other in a kind of blank despair, for we knew only too well the way trouble had begun in other towns; we knew what had happened before, for that kind of news travels fast."

Then she told me of the tumult which started; how people were dragged from their houses into the open; how she saw women and men and young girls and children, standing in bewildered and terrified groups; the men trying to keep in front of their wives and daughters, in order to protect them, though being jostled and prodded by the German soldiers who seemed mad with excitement. It was the same kind of horror which I had heard of over and over again, though for all the sameness, there was never lacking a hellish versatility in the way the Germans did things, for at Tamines they made the men of the town parade up and down, and up and down through the streets that livclong day, while their houses were being looted and then set on fire before their very eyes; while their wives and mothers and children were forced to look on. Hoping to terrorize their victims, mock executions were held throughout the day, small groups of the men being separated from the rest, and stood against a wall, the Germans then firing just above their heads. At intervals too, there were real executions, when some of those poor villagers, thinking that another mock execution was to take place, were shot none the less, and left lying in heaps, no one being allowed to go near them, even though, as in some cases, there were those who still lived and cried for help. Sometimes they were made to lie down in front of the machine guns, not knowing whether they were to be killed or not. Sometimes, again, just to break the

monotony, the Germans fired into the crowd of village women, whom they had compelled to follow, killing women and children both. When evening came, and most of the town was burnt, and all save the Germans were sickened by the orgy, between four and five hundred of these men were taken to the village green, near the church, the women again being forced to accompany them. The Sambre flows gently past the green, and it was on the banks of the little river that the final scenes took place. Despite the agonized protests and outcries of the women, who begged for the lives of their husbands and their sons, the men and boys were lined up there, in the gathering twilight, in three long rows, one behind the other; the signal was given and the firing began, first with rifles, and when that did not do the work quickly enough, machine guns were turned on them. They dropped, of course—scores and scores at a time. Countless numbers fell backwards into the river. If they were still alive, they drowned; if they were dead, what did it matter? The little Sambre ran red with blood, just as at Dinant the Meuse had run red with blood. Sometimes those who were only half dead, clung madly to the edge, but the Germans, with a thrust of the bayonet, pushed them in again, more wounded than before. Sometimes the wounded were seen trying to swim across to the opposite bank, in the hope of escape, but the Germans picked them off one by one, and the corpses were carried down on the tide. Most of the victims of this unspeakable massacre fell in the village square itself, however, and lay in great, shapeless heaps, the dead and the half dead together. The woman who was telling me of it, and who had been present through it all (her husband and her two sons lay dead there with the rest) could hardly finish her story. The firing continued without break, until not one of those four hundred odd men was left standing, and darkness had fallen. All that night German soldiers crept about among the bodies, looking for those who might still be alive. If any such were found, they were bayoneted at once. With the first light of day a pitiful scene took place, for more of the townsfolk were marched into the square and were forced to dig one long trench, and to bury their own brothers or fathers or sons. My poor peasant woman said that somehow, that was the worst of all, for she buried with her own hands, in that common trench, her husband and her two boys—all she had in the world. "I can never forget their faces," she said, "nor the faces of the other dead." It was somewhat later, she continued, that the people of Tamines were able to remove the bodies to the little graveyard, where they were now lying, lying all about us as we stood there talking. "And these are *my* graves," she whispered softly, pointing to three close at hand, and exactly like all the rest.

I noticed that each was carefully and lovingly decorated with the usual little bead-flower wreaths—those little flower wreaths which one has grown to care for very much, because of what they mean to those who have lost much; and then I bent toward the three little crosses, and read the names there, and the ages—forty-six, eighteen, sixteen. And the dates—all the same, August 22nd, 1914.

VOLUNTEER.

(To be continued)

ASPECTS OF THE GREEK GENIUS

STUDENTS of Theosophy may find it significant that there is at the present time a revival of interest in Greek philosophy, more especially in its relation to Christian thought. There is a marked tendency among Christian writers to seek in the Greek genius for the source and origin of many of their own religious beliefs. They find this valuable, not only as affording light on the teachings of St. Paul, but also as explaining much that is profound and deep-rooted in modern interpretations of Christianity. The tendency of theologians in the Middle Ages was to refer constantly to Aristotle as the source of all learning; they came to regard the mastery of Aristotelian theories as the hall-mark of true knowledge. They failed to realize that knowledge must be gained through individual experience and progress, and their misunderstanding was responsible for much of the narrow dogmatism of scholastics, ever since mediæval times. The modern tendency is rather to turn to Plato for a wider interpretation of Christian theology; the emphasis is on the need for right action, in conformity with religious or philosophic ideals, as being the only road to spiritual knowledge.

The Principal of University College, Toronto, Maurice Hutton, has recently published a book[1] which is of wide interest, not only to classical students, but also to those who are chiefly concerned with modern problems. The book is a discussion of the moral and political systems of the Greeks, and their religious and philosophic ideals. It does not treat of the Greek view of life in general, as comprising art, literature, science, but is concerned mainly with their moral standards, shown in the light of modern ideals, and compared with the Christian tradition. In his study of Greek racial characteristics, the author makes interesting comparisons between the ancient Greeks and the French of modern times, for whom he has keen sympathy. The first chapter is perhaps the most interesting, as showing his own philosophy of life, and his admiration for the ideals of Christianity, which he finds in the two great commandments, duty to God and duty to our neighbour, with their implied standards of purity, righteousness, love and justice. He regrets that we have, too often, substituted for these a "poor and lop-sided version of Christianity", and he recognizes the need for a "vital and real Christianity" comprising the best elements of ancient tradition, as well as the noble ideals usually associated with the Christian teaching. "Life is a balance and a compromise not to be solved by fanatics", he says, and, in all ethical considerations, declares that we shall be wise to remember the Greek standard of the "happy mean," which often embodies the highest wisdom.

In considering the moral system of the Greeks, it is well to bear in mind that their virtues are essentially "political"; for the Greek was, first and

[1] *The Greek Point of View.*

foremost, a citizen, at all times conscious of social and political obligations. The nearest counterpart to this is the French idea of citizenship, and Maurice Hutton declares that the French are "infinitely more classical, especially more Greek, than the other nations of Europe." But the Greek system of small city-states, which could legislate for the whole of life, has no counterpart in any modern system of government. Those who extol the Greek love of freedom and democratic government must be reminded that their government was, according to modern ideas, essentially un-democratic; it was really the rule of a comparatively small body of free citizens, who controlled a considerable population of merchants and slaves having no political rights. This point is clearly brought out in another excellent book,[2] which was published at the end of the last century, and is still one of the standard works on the Greek genius. Professor Hutton also recognizes this point, and makes clear that he has no love for democracy, as such, but considers it useful as "a method for discovering the only true aristocracy, and the only real 'Divine right' to rule, the right of the best character and the best ability." Such an "aristocracy" was actually in force during the best period of Greek history, in the Athens of Pericles; all too soon, it was superseded by the rule of demagogues, and illiterate though able men, and to this change can be traced the downfall of the Greek political system.

The Greeks of the fifth century B.C. achieved a standard of patriotism which has been the admiration of later ages. It was seen at its highest in the Spartan state, where a rigorous system of military training produced a martial type of citizen. In Athens also, the ideal of patriotism reached a high level, as exemplified in the famous funeral oration recorded by Thucydides. In that oration, Pericles asserts that Athens is the "school of Hellas"; and indeed the intellectual achievements of the Athenians were a remarkable example to the rest of the Greeks. It is true that the Greek idea of patriotism tended to be narrow and restricted, though there existed a wider view of Pan-Hellenic interests, as exemplified at Delphi. In later times, Alexander the Great, with his plans for world-conquest, achieved a new unity, and extended Greek influence beyond the limits of the known world. But, in the fifth century, patriotism tended to degenerate into an "enlightened self-interest," which put the claims of the city before all other considerations, and was unscrupulous as to the means whereby the city-state achieved fame and success.

With the Greeks, the idea of duty was associated with that which was fitting, or beautiful, *to kalon*, and the appeal which it made was to the intellect, rather than to the will and the emotions. The converse of this is seen in the French patriotism, which rose to great heights in the years of the Great War. Maurice Hutton attributes this to the decrease in influence of the French "intellectuals", and the rise of a number of patriotic writers who understood the true basis of French belief: "If France awoke again and

[2] *The Greek View of Life*, by G. Lowes Dickinson.

became herself again, and proud and free even in the midst of uncounted and incalculable calamities, it is not because the intellectuals were ruling her, but because she reverted to a much older and simpler and more natural and therefore more mystical mood; to the cult of her natural and national instincts and her sense of national duty." The author expresses his admiration for martial courage, and states: "Modern Pacifists, in their horror of war, write as if no soldier had ever fought with the gay courage of high spirits and with the joyous love of adventure . . . . yet such courage was frequent before Germany and science 'poisoned' war, and emptied it of some of its best ingredients."

The Greeks had a fine appreciation of martial honour and fame, but, in their dealings with other states, and in their intercourse with their fellowmen, they had too little understanding of what is meant by a "sense of honour". The Greek "gentleman", who was *kalos kai agathos* (literally, beautiful and good), did not recognize the necessity for strict truthfulness, loyalty and straight dealing, such as we associate with the term; many of the ideals of chivalry would be entirely foreign to Greek mentality. Maurice Hutton suggests that the Greek virtues are mainly intellectual, and that "this distinction of knowledge and will, this preponderance of intellect in the Greek system of ethics and this minimizing of the will, is the very heart and core of all that is most characteristic of Greece, ... and most alien to later civilizations, whether Roman or Christian."

This statement is of importance because it is the basis of the whole discussion concerning the Greek point of view, the author asserting that the Greeks "ignored the will, because they were constitutionally deficient in will-power". Those who are interested in the study of Greek history cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that Greek civilization rapidly attained a height which has not often been surpassed by later nations, yet it was only maintained at that level for a short half-century, and the rapid decline and downfall of the Greek states is one of the tragedies of history. This early downfall has been attributed to various causes; a reasonable explanation seems to be that the artistic and intellectual development of the Greeks was ahead of their moral standards and ideals. The failure, on the part of the Athenians, to realize the essential need of discipline in education, and of the training of the will, brought to naught the fine promise of their early civilization, and diverted the spiritual energies of the nation into lower channels.

It is true that the Spartans evolved a magnificent system of military discipline, one which evoked the admiration of Plato, and which has been admired by military enthusiasts throughout the ages; but it is the general verdict of history that it failed to achieve lasting results because of the narrowness and dogmatism which it engendered. The Spartan general, when fighting at home, was a fine example of patriotism and endurance, but if he chanced to leave his country, and go abroad, he frequently renounced his former ideals and standards, and turned traitor against his own state. This was the case

of Pausanias, the Spartan leader at the time of the Persian wars, and his failure was repeated by others; so that the "Spartan abroad" became a proverbial term to describe disloyalty to tradition and state. It would seem that the discipline was too mechanical and unintelligent to serve as a basis for lasting character, such as could stand against changes of circumstance and environment.

In later centuries, St. Paul, the great Apostle to the Greeks, understood the national failure in the matter of discipline, and set himself to show, by example and teaching, the necessity for training the will and mastering the passions, as an athlete seeks to gain control of his physical powers: "But they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible . . . ." His philosophy, which was influenced by Greek systems, and which had so great an influence on Western thought, rests on an essentially practical basis. He shows the eternal conflict between higher and lower nature—"the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do"—and he vindicates the triumph of the Higher Self, when the lower nature has been trained to become an obedient servant.

In the Platonic system of metaphysics, one of the most important of the definitions of virtue is that it is equivalent to knowledge. In several of the dialogues, Socrates insists on the fact that men do not knowingly choose an unwise or evil course of action, but only do so because they are not sufficiently instructed as to the better way. This premise points to the conclusion that virtue can be imparted by teaching, an assertion which seems to run counter to human experience. Socrates was concerned to emphasize the admonition of the Delphic oracle: "Know thyself"; to show the importance of wisdom and understanding in the whole conduct of life. By his own life of self-sacrifice he demonstrated that wisdom-in-action is the only real proof of the validity of philosophical theories, for he died to uphold his principle of loyalty to the Higher Self, the Divinity within. Unfortunately his followers overlooked the vital connection between wisdom and action, and many of them —as the scholastics and intellectuals of the Middle Ages—were content to wander in the mists of metaphysical theories. Thucydides reports, in the funeral oration of Pericles, that the Athenians were philosophers, without being deficient in active power; yet this ideal was all too rarely attained, and only for a short period, in fifth-century Athens. Plato recognizes the eternal conflict between higher and lower nature; in the *Phædrus*—one of the most inspired of the dialogues—he gives a vivid picture of that conflict in the parable of the charioteer with his two winged horses. For the charioteer is the Soul, and one of the steeds is obedient and reasonable, and strives to fly on the upward course, and the other is unruly and impetuous, and ever drags the chariot to a lower level. The whole art of the charioteer is concentrated on taming the unruly steed.

In contrast to the Platonic theory that "virtue is knowledge," there is the Christian teaching that virtue depends on discipline of the will, and one purpose of asceticism is to provide this essential discipline. Both points of

view are necessary to arrive at a more complete understanding of the subject, and a reconciliation lies in an enlightened sense of the value of wisdom, as inspiring action, and of consistent right action, as leading to greater wisdom. Theosophy suggests this reconciliation, by its definition of "wisdom in action"; St. Paul exemplifies this in the person of Christ, the Wisdom of God and the Power of God. It has been suggested that St. Paul, with his profound philosophic and intellectual training, saved Christianity from becoming solely a Jewish sect, and gave it the orientation necessary for it to appeal to the world of Greek thought and Roman rule. That world cried out for a living Saviour, and sent its cry to reach the heart of the Apostle to the Gentiles: "Come over and help us." Throughout the ages the strong Hebraic interpretation given to the gospel of Christ by his Jewish followers, has needed to be corrected and redirected by a wider understanding of essential Truth. The Hebrew emphasis is on Goodness, and the need for discipline; Greek thought turns more readily in the direction of Beauty and of Truth. The eternal Trinity of Truth, Beauty and Goodness has found its highest expression in the living example of the Masters of Wisdom. Followers of the Christian Master sometimes regret the fact that, too often, the ideal of Beauty has been sacrificed to a rigid asceticism or narrow dogmatism, far removed from the teaching and example of their Master.

That ideal of Beauty is perhaps the finest heritage left by the Greeks to the Western world. It is seen at its noblest in the philosophy of Plato, who was a passionate lover of the Beautiful, which he identified with the True and the Good. "In Greek thought, the Good was, perhaps, that which contains within itself the perfect realization of its nature." In *The Greek Point of View*, Maurice Hutton tends to under-estimate the importance of that ideal of Beauty, the theme of several of the dialogues, especially the *Phædrus*, because he interprets the Platonic system in its intellectual aspect, rather than in its moral and spiritual implications.[3]

It is not easy to sum up, in a few words, the Platonic Theory of Ideas, but its essential implication was, that there exists, in Reality, the counterpart of every created form in the world of manifestation, and also of every intellectual concept in human thought. This last he termed an Idea; it is the spiritual prototype which the intellect apprehends and embodies in a living thought. There is the absolute Beauty, Truth and Goodness, which exist as eternal Ideas; so also, descending the scale of moral and spiritual values, there exist the Ideas of truths, which are more living and real than their outer expressions.

Inseparable from the Theory of Ideas, is the teaching concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and this has, too often, been misunderstood by students of Plato. For instance, Maurice Hutton suggests that this is not a "personal" immortality, but only the survival of the impersonal and rational part of the soul, which may exist through successive incarnations, but with no apparent

[3] One of the best of the short summaries of Platonic philosophy is found in a small handbook, *Plato*, by A. E. Taylor.

thread of consciousness. While this is a view often taught and accepted at the Universities, it is, in the opinion of the present writer, far removed from what Plato himself taught. To refute it, it is necessary to refer the reader to the *Phædo*, the dialogue of Socrates and his disciples, just before the fulfilment of the death sentence passed upon him. It is the most magnificent vindication of Plato's belief in immortality,—not, it is true, the survival of the "personal" man, as consisting of a physical body, and its mental and emotional attributes, but the indestructibility of the soul which is, according to Plato, the most real and vital part of man's nature, and the only part worthy of serious consideration by the philosopher. The true student of philosophy cares only for the welfare of the soul; and though, in this life, only great Masters can have complete knowledge of eternal Truth, we approach it when, according to Socrates, "we are not infected with the bodily nature, but remain pure until the hour when God himself is pleased to release us. And then the foolishness of the body will be cleared away, and we shall be pure and hold converse with other pure souls, and know of ourselves the clear light everywhere, which is no other than the light of Truth. . . . There is great hope that, going whither I go, I shall have the full enjoyment of that which has been the chief concern of you and me in our past lives." Could any philosopher hope for a finer fulfilment of all his noblest aspirations, and is not this far removed from many of the cold and abstract and "impersonal" interpretations often given? Maurice Hutton asserts that "Socrates kept an open mind to the end about the Great Assize . . . . and never shut his eyes to the possibility that he would never open them again when the sun had set and the hemlock had done its work." But in so saying he has surely misunderstood the essence of Socratic belief, and failed to appreciate the keen "Socratic irony". As a final message of comfort to his sorrowing disciples, Socrates expresses his glad hope of attaining to mansions far more beautiful and radiant than anything which could be imagined on earth: "Every pure and just soul which has passed through life in the company and under the guidance of the gods has also her own proper home." And again: "Let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures of the body and has followed the pleasures of knowledge, and has arrayed his soul in her jewels—temperance, justice, courage, nobility, truth."[4]

Socrates' faith in the Immortality of the Soul rests, to a great extent, on the theory of Reincarnation, which is fully treated in the *Phædo*, and developed by Plato in the 10th book of the *Republic* in the famous myth of Er, which concludes: "Believing every soul to be immortal and able to endure every kind of good, and every kind of evil, we shall hold fast to the upward road . . . . and it shall be well with us, both in this life and in the journey of the 1000 years hereafter."[5]

Granted the acceptance of Immortality and of Reincarnation, the theory is developed that knowledge is really recollection of information gained in a

[4] *Phædo:* 67, 108, 115.
[5] *Republic*, X, 621.

previous existence. This theory is discussed in the *Meno*, in regard to intellectual attainments, while in the *Phædrus*, in passages of wonderful eloquence and vigour, Socrates describes how the soul, before being joined to the body, traverses celestial regions and beholds the essences of things in their Beauty. Intuition, *nous*, guides the soul in that region where true knowledge exists, and the "felicity which divine souls possess is that of seeing Truth." The impression left by that vision is so profound that it can never be entirely obliterated from the soul; at some time or other, during life on earth, some form of loveliness kindles a flash of intuition, and the soul recollects, dimly perhaps and confusedly, its previous knowledge of transcendent Beauty which endures eternally. One is reminded of mediæval mystics who could not find words in which to express their sense of the Beauty of things celestial, seen in a vision of surpassing splendour, "*visio Essentiæ Dei*". In the *Phædrus*, the followers of Socrates discuss the different manifestations of Love; but the philosopher himself transcends all their definitions in his conception of true Love as divine in origin, and a source of blessing to him who rightly loves. Sometimes, in the middle of a "rhapsody", Socrates breaks off, fearing, perhaps, to say too much, or because the "divine voice", which governed his actions, forbade him to divulge the mysteries of the inner life of the Soul.

That emphasis on the "inner life" seems to Maurice Hutton to be an essentially Christian characteristic, and to be different from the Greek idea of a "private life" of intellectual speculation. Yet a kindred expression can be found in Plato's *Republic*, concerning the "inner man"—a phrase echoed, more than once, by St. Paul. Again, the Christian emphasis on the need for a "second birth" has a parallel in the Socratic theory of conversion, which is really the orientation of the Soul towards the light of Truth. The virtues of the "inner life" are not identical, it is true, in the view of the ancient Greek and the modern Christian. For instance, the Christian idea of humility, as the basis of the virtues, has no immediate counterpart in Greek thought, and seems contrary to Greek ideas of self-reliance and freedom. Yet there exists a reconciliation of the two points of view, and perhaps it is to be found in a definition of "intellectual equipoise and judgment, above the fallacies of self-love." Maurice Hutton takes St. Paul as an example of humility of the will and emotions, rather than of the intellect, but he overlooks the fact that virtue must be illumined by the light of wisdom. Socrates, who was declared by the oracle at Delphi to be the wisest of men, realized that, in fact, he knew nothing at all. That realization was, at the same time, profound wisdom and wise humility. In an interesting comparison between Socrates and the Christian Master, the author finds this "arresting and significant trait—perfect humility with absolute authority." Too often, the followers of Christ have confused humility with self-abasement, and so have antagonized the man of action who admires manliness, courage, self-reliance.

The reconciliation lies in the Greek sense of the "mean" between two extremes, as being the nearest approach to Truth. They considered virtue as a balance between apparently conflicting principles; the part taken by the

will is that of exercising an intelligent choice, which is only possible when some measure of knowledge has been attained. The Universe, according to Plato, is governed by order, rhythm and harmony, and evil is akin to disorder. He who would govern his own Soul must do so in obedience to the law of order; hence Plato emphasizes the all-importance of self-control. That quality was widely-embracing; it implied poise and judgment, modesty and reasonableness, good taste and a sense of the "fitness of things"; the exercise of it required a fine training, which was provided by the educational system of Plato. The qualifications which he considers essential for rulers are courage and gentleness. The Greek "self-control" is not incompatible with Christian "humility", which has been defined by a theologian as the "exact truth"; but, in practice, the Greek tended always to underestimate the need of discipline, the Christian to overlook the value of good taste and a sense of proportion. According to Maurice Hutton, "the Greeks express in terms of knowledge and thought what we express in terms of will and feeling"; he appreciates the humour of a penetrating phrase: "Life is a tragedy to those who feel, and a comedy to those who think." True balance is only attained when the thinkers learn the depths of compassion, and those who feel profoundly learn to control emotion by Wisdom. Modern psychology and psycho-analysis, which Maurice Hutton despises, are far from having understood that necessary distinction.

In order to appreciate fully the Greek ideal of Beauty, it would be necessary to study its different manifestations in every form of Art. The finest examples of Greek sculpture and architecture of the fifth century B.C. have impressed the world by their grandeur, dignity and harmony, and those qualities rest on an enlightened sense of balance and proportion, inspired by religious enthusiasm. Again, the Greek sense of Beauty can be traced throughout their wonderful literature, in the melody of their lyric poetry, and in the passionate grandeur of their drama. The tragedies illustrate always a conflict of opposing forces, and their interpretation rests on a sense of the reconciliation which is suggested, or implied, even in the darkest moments. Euripides often relies for his effect on a recognition-scene; and there must be a counterpart of that recognition, in the intellectual perception of the student of Greek tragedy. These subjects are not touched upon by the author of *The Greek Point of View*. In the chapter which he devotes to "Virtue and Art," he is dealing with the art of Life, as the application of the science of Life, the basis of the discussion. If the Idea of Beauty is to be sought in the manifestations of the Greek creative genius, the Idea of Truth should be traced in the method and system of Greek scientists, who have contributed so largely to the development of scientific knowledge in the Western world. According to the Platonic view, the love of the Beautiful grows into the love of Wisdom, and both have, for their ultimate goal, the realization of the absolute Good.

Ardent admirers of Greek thought are often amazed to find that the popular conception of religion was on a very different level from the lofty theories of

the philosophers. Religion meant the traditional worship of the gods, with fitting ceremonial, but it implied little in the way of moral obligation. Students of comparative religion, however, find nothing unusual in this. The practices of exoteric religion among the multitudes who have not attained some degree of knowledge or discernment, are often far removed from the teachings of the great Founders of the different religious systems. The true religion of the Greeks is to be sought in the esoteric teachings of philosophers such as Pythagoras and Plato; but it was chiefly to be found in the Mysteries, alluded to throughout Greek literature, though carefully concealed from the knowledge of the masses, and only in later times degraded and "popularized." In a QUARTERLY article which appeared in July, 1922, it was suggested that the vulgarization of the Mysteries was either the cause or the effect of the spiritual degeneration of Greece. There was, it is true, a great religious revival in the sixth century B.C., but the spirit of sacrifice had deserted Greece, and the revival did not prove of lasting effect. Here and there, were left reminders of man's spiritual heritage. On the portal of a temple at Delphi was written one word, EI, "Thou art"; this was a call to the worshipper to remember his spiritual existence, his identity with the great Being who created the Universe, and his affinity with other souls. Perhaps the finest heritage of Greek popular religion was the spirit of toleration and freedom, seen at its best in the worship at Delphi. This spirit survived through the centuries, and its importance was emphasized by St. Paul, in his *Epistles* to the Greek cities. He is, at all times, concerned to prevent the new Christians from being fettered by the narrow limits of Hebrew dogmatism and Jewish ritual. He calls on them earnestly not to depart from the "liberty which is in Christ", but to realize, through a life of sacrifice and self-discipline, the "glorious liberty of the children of God." That liberty can only be attained through self-mastery, and the price is always the sacrifice of the personal man.

We are indebted to the author of *The Greek Point of View* for having stimulated thought in the direction of a survey and comparison of Greek and Christian ideals. Possibly his definitely Christian bias has caused a certain misinterpretation of the Platonic system, because viewed from an intellectual rather than from a spiritual standpoint. The misunderstanding of any philosophical system can often be traced to a misuse of the terms used, and a failure to appreciate the complex construction of the nature of man. Theosophy provides an explanation, in the teaching of the seven-fold constitution of man, and—by its method of approach—suggests a reconciliation between divergent beliefs. In regard to moral attainments, Maurice Hutton has understood that, among the Greeks, the cardinal lack of discipline was a barrier to progress. "The Greeks lived by thought and not by resolution; they died by reason of thought for want of resolution." He appreciates the value of asceticism, as a training of the will, and finds in the Christian teaching the "happy mean" between severe discipline and blind self-indulgence. In the true Christian ideal, illuminated by Theosophy, can be found the reconciliation of divergent points of view; it implies a life of action on a level with

thought and aspiration, and looks to the example of that Master of Wisdom, who taught his doctrine by living the Life, and showed that in this alone could true happiness be found: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Students of Theosophy have heard it suggested that the incarnation of the Western Avatar was, in the first instance, intended to take place in Greece. Then the rapid deterioration of Greek ideals and thought made that plan impossible of fulfilment, so that the Christian Master turned to Palestine where there existed—in the stricter discipline of Jewish tradition—a more fitting environment and setting for the reception of his teaching. Those who are earnest admirers of Greek philosophy and civilization see this as one of the greatest tragedies in history,—this failure of Greece to fulfil her destiny. If they consider more deeply they will see, however, that there is no finality about that tragedy. Even in this, the twentieth century, it is possible to reunite all that is best in Greek Wisdom with all that is finest in Christian training of the Will, and so, in time, to redeem the failure of centuries ago. That is one of the great opportunities afforded through the teachings of Theosophy, and the responsibility for its fulfilment rests, in the present cycle, with students of Theosophy.

S. C.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.—EMERSON.

THEY DON'T GET THE PICTURE

"THE reason the great majority of them fail is that they don't get the picture." Thus spoke the Manager of a large business concern, alluding to the very high percentage of the candidates for his sales force that failed to "make good."

"By getting the picture," he continued, "I mean acquiring a fairly correct understanding of the various phases and aspects of our business, and of its relation to the needs and requirements of potential customers.

"Our business happens to be a highly specialized one, with very keen competition. We have been in this business, however, fifty years, and during that period we have, naturally, made a vast number of experiments in our Sales Department, as well as in all others. As a result we have formulated certain rules and principles, which we regard as the almost inevitable outcome of peculiarities of our special line. They are based on the experience of scores, in fact hundreds of men, and we know that beyond question they are fundamentally sound. Our best and oldest salesmen endorse them. Now, all the new candidates for our sales force are given these rules and instructions in printed form and are urged to learn them, and to follow them closely. We regard them as the keys to success.

"These candidates also have the great advantage of ready access to the ideas and the advice of our successful men. The latter, almost without exception, are quite willing to tell the new men anything they can which may help them to succeed. Even if they were naturally inclined to be jealous or apprehensive of being surpassed by some one else, the fact that so very few men last for more than a few weeks, or, at most, a few months, would doubtless set their minds at rest.

"Though we endeavour to give these men, taken on trial, all the co-operation and assistance possible, in the long run each man's fate is mainly in his own hands. We lead the horse to water, but we cannot make him drink. He must do that of his own accord. Each man necessarily has his own angle; within certain limits, the more independence and originality he has, the better. But independence of ideas and resulting actions, beyond a certain point, are generally fatal to his success with us. After he has learned to produce by our established methods, he may begin to experiment, to some extent, with different ideas of his own. But unless he makes a right start, along the beaten path, he has little chance of arriving, within the time limit which we must necessarily fix.

"You would be surprised to know how few men seem willing or perhaps able to believe what we tell them. If it were possible for us to summarize our rules for salesmen, boiling them down to—say—seven aphorisms, most of the new men would agree with and try to act on perhaps three; two they

would probably regard as right, but unimportant, and the remaining two they would consider as either erroneous or unintelligible.

"Do you ask me why this is? Well, every case is an individual one, of course. Most of them have acquired certain habits in their ways of operating which it would take some effort to change. They will not make the necessary effort, or even think things out to the point of realizing that they ought to do so. With some, it is mental inertia; with others, vanity. Often a man thinks that there is something peculiar about him which makes such instructions superfluous in his case, though necessary perhaps for others. If he had sufficient humility to give them a fair trial, he would find that we were right, and our rules and regulations valuable assets. But he will not do it.

"Most of the men we accept on trial are a clean-cut, presentable lot. They come to us with good records of past performance with other concerns. While they are with us, they almost invariably seem to believe that they are doing all they can—certainly all that anyone could reasonably expect them to do. Weeks, even months, pass. They do not produce satisfactorily, or give any signs of being likely to do so. Eventually we have to let them go, and try another lot.

"Well, as I remarked at the beginning, my belief is that they never get the picture. They never see the problem as it really is. As our older men say, 'they never find out what it is all about.'"

Listening to his remarks, I thought to myself: That is exactly the sort of thing I can imagine one of the older members of the T. S. saying to another, alluding to the younger members and their strivings for chêlaship: "They don't get the picture."

One surmises, in view of all the teaching given out, that he might continue: They have been told many times that, as the chêla's ideal and objective is perfect service of his Master, every desire and every habit must be scrutinized in the light of that ideal, and either brought into alignment with the Master's will, or eliminated. How can they expect to recognize their Master's will, unless they study and meditate on every expression of that will and purpose; or, to obey his commands, until they have ceased to obey the dictates of self? They may have a true desire to serve him, but do they prepare themselves by performing their present duties, day by day, as perfectly as possible; putting their whole hearts into them, since these duties constitute training for the Master's service, and are planned by him in detail? Are they keen to remember and to practise the principles and rules set forth so clearly in theosophical literature?

Religious contemplation, the conquest of faults, faithful study, self-sacrificing work, all are excellent, important, really indispensable; but until a man has begun to relate his whole life, both bodily and mental, to the ideal of perfect service of his Master, and has set his will to the task of making that complete change of direction, he cannot be said to have caught the picture, as far as chêlaship is concerned. Practically, he does not know "what it is all about."

A. Woodby.

WORDSWORTH

IN the group of unusual men who were his contemporaries, Wordsworth stands out conspicuous in that he brought his ship safe into harbour, while Shelley, Byron, and others were splintering and stranding on reef and shoal. An able helmsman, he is sometimes misrepresented as a mere land-lubber, lodged in an ivory tower, sheltered, at Grasmere, from all that ruffles human life, a prig, a pedant, and a craven "whose sails were never to the tempest given". Such a view of him is utterly false. With a turbulent flush of enthusiasm, the youthful Wordsworth leaped into the very thick of human chaos during the black years of the Revolution in France; but, revolting in horror from that hell, steered his way out of it, not without determined struggle, and with bitter grief over the consequences of his delusion. His career is illuminating since he gained, to a restricted degree, something of that liberation from self which it is man's destiny to achieve.

His victory, conspicuous among failures, was not due to a more favourable environment than his brother poets enjoyed. Certain circumstances against which he had to contend, were no less difficult and uncongenial than those encountered by Shelley and Byron. For example, his mother died when he was six, and his father, when he was fourteen years old; and the children, with a very meagre inheritance, became the wards of relatives who were well-disposed, but not very understanding. Had those relatives known more than they did of the boy William's psychology, they would probably have viewed him with even greater mistrust, for, a clean-minded lad, he had the faculty, possessed by Traherne, Vaughan, and by many children, of looking through the coarse substance of the material world upon the intangible astral substance within it; thus, when walking along the road, he would sometimes stop and grasp tree or rock to assure himself of their substantiality, so transparent to his eyes did those solid things appear. This unconventional faculty at work in a dependent orphan, might with reason disturb practical guardians who naturally desired that their ward should become a man of substance in the everyday world.

In the places of his abode during childhood and youth, he was singularly favoured, for they lay in the northwestern counties of England—Cumberland and Westmoreland—in the district of the Lakes, a region of gentle and cultivated charm that he loved devotedly. The well-known lines describing Windermere Vale—"The Boy of Winander"—are really a picture of his own occupations in childhood:

> There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs
> And islands of Winander!—many a time

At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

From that lovely home country, when he had rounded his seventeenth year, Wordsworth passed to Cambridge, a "happy isle" of enchanting cloisters and gardens and halls, whither Edmund Spenser and Milton had preceded him, not to mention Gray and the less renowned group of the Cambridge Platonists; whither, later, Tennyson was to follow. How much of its fairy-like charm may not Cambridge owe to four such disciples of Plato,—Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson—otherworldly charm, drawn thither, as to a focus, by aspirations that sought within the loveliness of earth the hidden beauty of the soul. Of his inner state at that Cambridge period, Wordsworth has told very plainly. It was a condition that is said to be common enough in the East (it is well described in books like *The Soul of a People* and *The Inward Light*), but is rare in the Western world,—Francis of Assisi being another of the few Europeans in whom it is found. It was the condition of vital sympathy with creatures, with all created things.

My seventeenth year was come;
I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,

Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated.[1]

In the activities of the university, he was only mildly interested, and during the long vacation, he went with a friend across the continent, afoot, to the Alps. There he found himself "in no strange land", recognizing in the peaks and glaciers of Switzerland rugged features of the face whose gentler aspects he had so long known and loved—Nature's.

The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.[2]

When the required period of residence at Cambridge was completed, he left with his degree, nothing of note having been accomplished there.

His twenty-first birthday in 1791, proved a turning point in his career, as in that year momentous changes of habit took place, during a sojourn in Revolutionary France. Until that year, the bodily eye and ear had been the faithful servants of his inner (psychic) senses, observing and then reporting to them upon natural phenomena. There came moments of moral elevation, when the eye and ear, after making their report, betook themselves, "in sleep", out of the way of the inner senses. Those inner senses then became vividly aware of the "celestial light" that Wordsworth identified, in his thinking, with "heaven". He has many times written of this mood of moral elevation,—

[1] "The Prelude", Bk. II, l. 380.
[2] Ibid., Bk. VI, l. 624.

That serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.[3]

With the visit to France in 1791, a maleficent change occurred that put his analytical mind as usurper in the place hitherto taken by the inner faculties. The consequences of that usurpation were calamitous: "celestial light" faded into "common day"; earth, a sordid lodging, replaced the "bright imperial palace" that had been his spirit's home in "the sky"; and from heaven, the happy boy of Winander was plunged into the gloom of hell.

The political and social conditions that he encountered in the France of 1791, are too well known to need comment. Radical doctrines (the meaning and consequences of which he did not at all understand) had been preached for half a century,—that human misery is the result of restrictions devised by a body of schemers, and by them imposed upon the rest of humanity. Remove those restrictions, it was proclaimed, and man, a sweetly reasonable creature, would speedily make for himself an earthly paradise surpassing far the fabled kingdom of heaven. The vigour and eloquence with which the veteran Edmund Burke had to protest in England against the contagious, Revolutionary creeds of France, is proof enough of their inflammatory character, and it is not surprising that they turned Wordsworth's youthful head, which was too innocent to understand what malice and venom lurked underneath the glamour of catchwords. Like many another generous but mistaken Arcadian, Wordsworth gave his own interpretation to such words as "liberty, equality, fraternity", and other verbiage from Parisian soap boxes. What Burke, in wise old age, could see as a sinister revolt against morality and civilization, Wordsworth, ardent but ignorant, took to be a sincere and unselfish effort to make the whole world like the Vale of Grasmere, giving even to the dwellers in great cities the simple virtues of shepherds. It was not indicative of evil in him, but only of untrained altruism, that he should look upon that malignant epoch as a new dawn of history. His right motive

[3] "Tintern Abbey", l. 41. Other examples occur in "The Prelude", as:

. . . . in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world, doth greatness make abode. (Bk. VI, l. 599)

Also:

One song they sang, and it was audible,
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed. (Bk. II, l. 415)

saved him from permanent moral catastrophe, since, thanks to good Karma, the glamour enveloping him was dispelled, leaving the bare facts exposed to his view in their hideous reality. The new-found heaven proved of short duration. To Wordsworth's bitter and lasting grief, he learned that the sweeping away of restrictions meant, for himself, licentiousness, and, for the schemers who were trying to "reform" France, murder, theft, and other outrageous crimes. The moral foundation dropped from Wordsworth's universe, and he was left agonizing in the bottomless pit, beating its heavy air. Man, who had been proclaimed so reasonable, showed himself instead (when left to his own devices) a creature thoroughly depraved—depraved to the point of seducing his own mind into justifying his lowest inclinations and desires. In view of that degradation of man by man, Wordsworth in his unhappiness, asked himself whether any hope for humanity could be rationally entertained. What else than despair could the future hold for one who was seeking alleviation, as well for the misery of the entire world as for his own personal wretchedness?

His relatives, learning somewhat of his life in France, bade him come home to England, and though, in theory, family as well as other duties had been flung to the winds, he obeyed, making a lonely domicile in London. That act of obedience seems to have made possible the beginning of his conversion. He did not enjoy his unhappiness, since, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he carried upon his back "the burthen of the mystery, the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world". In his moral weariness, his thoughts turned back toward the "heaven" that had surrounded him in the early days, and he asked: Was its loss irremediable? could that paradise be regained? For answer, he set face and will resolutely toward it, and, discrediting the arguments and clamour of his mind, persevered in his effort to reach again the plane of truth that is apprehended by the finer senses. His period of suffering lasted until 1795.

In 1795, a friend, Calvert, died. Calvert had received an impression of latent ability in Wordsworth, and, with the hope of bringing that ability to the surface, he left him a small legacy. It was a very small amount, but to a young man who had no worldly ambition, and who could be content leading a pioneer's existence, it seemed abundance. Wordsworth resolved to quit his unhappy solitude in London,

> Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
> Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
> Within the walls of cities.[4]

His only intimate friend was his sister, slightly younger than himself, who was then living with their relatives in the north. Minus his genius, she was, like her brother, a lover of meadow, grove and stream. Winning her consent to join him in plain living, Wordsworth, by means of his legacy, put himself in an environment of rural sights and sounds, hoping thereby to restore his soul's

[4] "The Excursion", l. 78.

health. Of that experiment in the southwest of England, he was able to write, three years later:

> Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy: for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.[5]

Another hermit spirit was residing in that country district seeking a pathway out of the confines of earth,—Coleridge, who became a daily companion to the brother and sister. A wide reader, Coleridge was just then completing the volumes of Plotinus, of Jacob Boehme, and of William Law. Eager to talk about the cosmic perspectives unfolded by those writings, he gained in Wordsworth an attentive ear; and Wordsworth thus learned of philosophical[6] systems that were rooted in a far past, and that recurred in various ages and nations—persistent systems that explained and justified experience such as his own in childhood. The haunting sense of "trailing clouds of glory", the "blank misgivings" of one moving about perplexed on this strange planet, earth, beyond which, yet so near at hand, lies (he was convinced) man's true home,—all this, he now learned, through Coleridge, was not to be regarded as abnormal incidents of an eccentric career, but as perfectly natural stages of man's unfoldment. Outer corroboration (the authority of such thinkers from the past) thus added intensity to inward conviction, and doubled his effort to regain the joyful experience of his earlier days. Through the fortunate combination of country life, family affection, and friendly discussion of mystical philosophy, within three years the first stage of his conversion was effected. His inner faculties again took control of bodily and mental activities, and, simultaneously with the recovery of spiritual health, Wordsworth became, from a radical reformer, a great mystical poet, writing in 1798 his first hymn of gratitude for his restoration,—the unforgettable "Tintern Abbey".

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[5] "Tintern Abbey", l. 122.

[6] In his illuminating volume, *The Early Years of Wordsworth*, Professor Emile Legouis of the University of Lyons, says Wordsworth learned "theosophy" from Coleridge. A member of the Society would probably hesitate in quoting such a statement, because it might appear as if the great ones of earth were being claimed for The Theosophical Society. On the contrary, The Theosophical Society, having been founded by the great ones of the *other* world, who still continue their guidance and support, has no need of bolstering, either from the mighty or the little of this world.

That poem, which is so deeply moving, published in the year of its composition, found itself in an oddly assorted company of verse. Laugh as one must at many of the other pieces, it is nevertheless to the very sincerity of Wordsworth's conversion that that motley of verse is, in part, due. He, to whom so much had been entrusted, had sinned against his light, yet, in three years, he had been led back from misery to serere happiness. Why, then, Wordsworth reasoned, should not a poor pedlar like Peter Bell share the benediction of conversion, a lowly man of little responsibility, a common drunkard and thief—why should not Peter Bell "forsake his crimes, renounce his folly, and, after ten months' melancholy, become a good and honest man"? While due in part to the *sincerity* of Wordsworth's conversion, such poems as "Peter Bell" are due, on the other hand, to its *incompleteness*. Wordsworth had been a drowning man, and despair over human conditions had been like waves in his very eyes; then certain straws floated past his wave-distorted view,—such straws as the affection of a mother for her "Idiot Boy", or a child's insistence, despite arithmetical evidence to the contrary, that "We are Seven". To his drowning vision, those straws appeared to be stout timbers to which a desperate man might cling until rescued by the life-boat. Because his rescue was never made at all complete, he continued to exaggerate the worth of those floating straws; and to justify the poems he made from them, his *mind* evolved his much discussed *theory of composition*, just as when, in France, he had been able to enlist his mind to justify the radical measures there advocated. The great poems, "Tintern Abbey", "Intimations of Immortality", "The Prelude", and many others, stand completely apart from his theory; in them his method is that of every artist—he selects, arranges, condenses, transposes or omits, as best suits his immediate purpose. Thus, in "The Prelude", the ascent of Mt. Snowdon, which had been made during his university years, is narrated at the very close of the poem, in a passage dealing with a period that is ten years later than the actual occurrence. This means that he dislocated the mountain episode from its actual temporal associations, because it served better than any other experience to illustrate the inner state of a later day, which he was describing. The disregard of hard and fast time relations has made that closing section of "The Prelude" one of his most felicitous passages. Entirely different, on the other hand, are the verses he manufactured to fit his theory; they are based upon the democratic asseveration that, life being unity, all manifestations of life are, equally, life. Such a theory eliminates the process of selection, for, if all manifestations of life are fit, why waste time in choosing the most fit? Let the poet rather accumulate details, however petty they may be; the final accumulation will be no less moving than is "the light of setting suns". To prove which theory, Wordsworth could write:

> And now she's at the Pony's tail,
> And now is at the Pony's head,—
> On that side now, and now on this;

And, almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.[7]

Odd as it must appear, he could not himself see any difference between such twaddle and the eloquent stanzas of his "Immortality" ode. Endowed with many other fine gifts, he unfortunately lacked humour, and could not laugh, as everyone else does, at Peter Bell's ill-starred ass that,

with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turned round his long left ear.[8]

"Tintern Abbey", with its companion pieces published in 1798, marked the recovery of Wordsworth's trust in Nature—again he shared her joy and the tumult of her mighty harmonies,—in which there now was heard the "still, sad music of humanity". With spiritual health recovered, he asked himself what his next duty might be. How should he use his restored liberty, his poetic gift? He felt himself to be "a renovated spirit singled out for holy services". How should he discharge that holy duty? How, by words, "arouse the sensual from their sleep of Death, and win the vacant and the vain to noble raptures"? To present in terms of his own experience the world-old theme of man's descent into hell and victorious deliverance from that prison, Wordsworth now saw to be his privilege and likewise his problem. To fulfil it, he resolved to write,

Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread.[9]

He would construct, in verse, a Gothic cathedral, well aware that few would care to enter so solemn a shrine; but he craved no horde of onlookers within his holy place, repeating to himself Milton's words, "fit audience let me find, though few".

Having envisaged this great aim, diffidence intruded, asking such questions as: "Who are you to engage in this undertaking?" "What talents and faculties fit you for so arduous a task?" To answer those questions, Wordsworth reckoned with himself the cost of his purposed building and his available resources. The result was the long poem called "The Prelude".

"The Prelude", an autobiographical work, begun in 1799 and completed in 1805, presents the development of his inner and outer life, from childhood until the year 1798. Not satisfied with the extreme reticence with which he makes certain disclosures about his life in France during 1791, Wordsworth

[7] "The Idiot Boy", l. 382.
[8] "Peter Bell", l. 413.
[9] "The Excursion," l. 14.

provided further that the poem should not be published until after his death. It owes its name to the fact that it was the prelude to the *magnum opus*—it was the porch of the projected cathedral. Save that porch, however, and certain fragments, the cathedral was never built, though Wordsworth lived on, for forty-five years.

In the short interval between 1798 and 1806, Wordsworth wrote, in addition to the poems already cited, the "Ode to Duty" and the "Happy Warrior"—a group of his very best verse. In the long (and happy) years that lay ahead of him, it might have been expected that his inner liberation, so well begun, would be completed. In some slight degree the process was continued, but without notable achievements; in the main, he appears to have been satisfied, as too often happens, to rest at the first stage of the long path. Seeing that his faculty for noble expression in verse developed simultaneously with his spiritual deliverance, it is not surprising that, after its first springtide, his poetic power dwindled. From 1820 to 1835, his great contemporaries all passed away—Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Scott—and Wordsworth likewise may be considered, as poet, to have passed out with them, though as man he lived until 1850.

Without noticeable production in verse, those long years need not, however, be called barren. Having tried, in youth, to throw overboard all old systems and organizations, he made, in maturity, an effort of the opposite kind—to discover the worth of venerated systems, quite regardless of what he personally had or had not derived from them. It was thus that in mature life he "made advances" as it were, toward Christianity. As a young man without a future, his relatives had wished him to enter the Church, a step he refused to take because, like Carlyle, he had no personal belief in what the Church represented. His moral crisis, showing him the insufficiency of all human wisdom, brought him finally to a renewed realization of transcendent "Being", of "Being" manifested by stone and tree and beast and man—"Being that tolerates the indignities of time". This apprehension of truth is good so far as it goes, but is very limited. It provides no bridge across the wide gap between transcendent Being and man, and is thus ignorant of the evolutionary process of growth,—a process which Wordsworth might have anticipated, imaginatively, as other poets did, even though his verse preceded by half a century the publication of Darwin's writings. *To blend his consciousness with benign Nature*—how could Wordsworth outline anything less vague as the future he perceived for man, since he had no conception of those stages along the path of evolution represented by Masters and the Lodge? It is this vagueness about man's future growth, that has led some critics to declare that Wordsworth offers little to humanity, save a sublimated intoxication, induced by deep draughts of natural beauty.

How little affinity he had with Christianity or with any *definite* religion, for that matter, is thus obvious. He appeared to feel no need, and he had no intuition of Being that not only "tolerates the indignities of time", but voluntarily subjects itself to those same indignities, incarnating within man's

flesh, as Krishna and Buddha and Christ have done. Unlike Francis Thompson, who found in Nature only a "poor step-dame", Wordsworth could call her

> the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being.[10]

Though he knew no yearning for a personal Master and Guide, for a definite historical Personality, and no need for any formal religion, yet, since men had for so many centuries reverenced Christianity as a system of truth, his maturer judgment was willing to admit that it might contain truths which lay outside his experience. Consequently, he reached, in sympathy, from his high Pantheistic peak, toward Christianity; and, in revising "The Prelude", modified some lines slightly, and occasionally introduced others, that impart a faint Scriptural tinge to certain portions—though the result could never be called Christian. Slight as his sympathy with Christianity is, it may nevertheless have been of more moment than appears on the surface—it may have been the last ounce of force needed to break through the barrier that had so long hindered poets from turning the exploits of King Arthur into literature.

It seems possible to interpret the Arthurian legends as the British tradition of chêlaship, the King standing for one who, having made himself a servant of the Lodge, returns to earth, again and again, after each "grievous wound", in a renewed effort to lead his country into the Path. A similar tradition would seem to be represented in France by Roland, as in Spain by the Cid, both Roland and the Cid being heroic figures of the national literature, as well as heroes of history and legend. In England, though there had persisted for centuries the stories of Arthur and his Table Round, they had not been put into adequate form; Mallory's version, for all its literary merit, usually omitting the inner significance of the tales. What poetic form was given in India to the tradition of chêlaship—as in the *Mahabharata*—everyone knows who has read the *Gîta*, which is an episode of that long epic. In Greece, there remains in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* sufficient of the pre-Grecian sources from which those poems were derived, to convince us that those sources (whether Cretan or Egyptian) were narratives of chêlaship. Thus, among younger as well as older peoples, there is to be found embodied in the national literatures, accounts of the life and deeds of a chêla working with his associates in the world for the sake of humanity. Made accessible as literature, these adventures furnish clues to those who may be groping for the path that leads from the world, back "home". Would it seem extravagant to suggest that the "Lords of Compassion" who endeavour (it is said) to guide and guard the nations, might feel no less kindly toward Britain than toward Spain and France and Greece? Is it merely wild fancy to think that the Lodge might do what it could to further the incorporation into English literature of the old Arthurian legends of chêlaship?

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[10] "Tintern Abbey", l. 109.

Be that as it may, there is apparent through three centuries in England, what seems to be an effort to place King Arthur and his Order in exoteric records; this effort being traceable in the three great poets, Spenser, Milton, and Wordsworth. In the *Faerie Queene*, Edmund Spenser's goal was to set forth the character of Arthur; but, though a great poet, Spenser counted not the cost of the structure he planned, and lost himself in the maze of his own allegory. Milton likewise, considering a suitable theme, weighed the possibilities of Arthur and his knights, but instead of making them his subject, lost himself in a desert of Calvinistic theology. Wordsworth, in his turn, saw that the story of Arthur was appropriate for the plan of his projected cathedral, but he did not build. Finally, however, in 1842, (eight years before Wordsworth's death), Tennyson's fragment, "La Morte d'Arthur", was published, and was followed by the *Idylls of the King*,—poems that reveal truths deeper than Tennyson himself realized. Who can estimate the share Wordsworth may have had in Tennyson's consummation of an effort that had been so long frustrated, and thus have aided in imparting to humanity something of those truths which concern the work of the Lodge for the world?

Wordsworth has led more than one person toward The Theosophical Society, and has filled a place something like that of Emerson to many who, having outgrown ordinary forms, have as yet found no real religion: "he is the friend and aid of those who would live in the spirit". Those who have felt the cramping mechanism of the small gods of exoteric orthodoxy, finding Wordsworth, find refreshing expansiveness in the undefined "Being" whom he exultingly makes known to them. It is possible, however, for his great poems to retard as well as to aid seekers of the Path; and one ought not to assume that he gives to words like "heaven", "celestial light", "immortality", the same content that they have in theosophical writings.

In reading his inspiring lines, we are made to realize that he is a poet of very high rank, who soars far above mere mundane concerns; he is a singularly clean-minded poet also, in whom are not encountered the mud and slime which are of too frequent and deplorable occurrence in all fields of art. Yet, though a poet of so lofty a type, "he that is least" in the *other* world, in the causal world of spirit—the merest seedling that has opened but two primal leaves into the air of the eternal world—is *greater* than he, and than all those other stately plants which spring from human fields, the darkness of which they so mercifully lighten with their fairness and fragrance. It is no abstruse and recondite law of metaphysics that is accountable for this difference. On the contrary, the reason is simple enough, and has been set forth by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his allegorical story, *The Great Stone Face*. As Hawthorne there suggests, in the character of the boy, Ernest, the "least little one" of *that* world is "a doer of the word"; is actually occupied—and has no other occupation—with living the life eternal, here and now; is engaged at *first* hand with the things that are indeed to be found in the poets, but found there only at *second* hand. For the great artists (incontestably precious as

they are), are *reporters*,—reporters of things which they have heard or seen, but *in which they did not take part*. The mind and heart of "the little one" contain experience of his very own, which is part and parcel of his nature, bone of bone, and blood of blood. The minds of the *reporters* contain, on the contrary, pictures, information, clear or confused as the case may be, of events taking place outside themselves, to which they have in some manner gained access as onlookers.

This essential difference between the chêla, who *lives*, and the poet (artist), who *reports*, should never be forgotten. Dante is proof, however, that this difference is not an unbridgeable chasm. With all propriety, he might repeat the words of the Judean disciples, John or Peter, the reassuring words of eye-witnesses: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon". Yet there surely are not many who can be classed with him as having bridged the chasm between *hearsay* and actual *knowledge*.[11] That poets need not be content to stand outside the gates as reporters, when they could become participators, is suggested by the fact that poetry appears to be the mother-tongue of the spiritual world. The records that have come down from Masters of that world, such as Buddha and Christ, are essentially poetic. May it not be that for poets, "the next step" is, as Hawthorne suggested in *The Great Stone Face*, to *do* the things of which hitherto they have been content to *dream?*

From his own words it must be obvious that Wordsworth began life a plane higher than the average of humanity. He was not, as most people are, imprisoned within physical matter, and he enjoyed a wonderful advantage thus to be able to function on the higher psychic planes. An aspirant for chêlaship, reasoning from the beauty of the reflected image to the far greater beauty of the object casting the reflection, would have struggled his way upward until he reached the region of Reality. Wordsworth did not go upward; he was content to remain on the plane of the *reporters;* and so left us only certain *intimations* of immortality, as in his great ode.

If it be asked why a poet can be content to remain at what is merely a starting-point, the answer might lie in the old error which calls the poet's method "creation". A poet probably stands as far above the level of average humanity as a chêla stands above him. The things which a poet *reports* to humanity, humanity only knows as response to his utterance, and consequently declares the poet a *creator* of the finer world of which he tells them. Often the poet himself descends to that error, coming to believe that he has indeed created his vision, and growing much enamoured of his success. Students of Theosophy, however, cannot make this mistake. They will use the poets and artists as incentives and as starting-points; nor can they ever commit the poet's own blunder, and remain complacent on the mere astral plane of reflected beauty.

C. C. Clark.

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[11] In the last canto of the *Paradiso*, Dante writes: "In its depth I *saw*".

THE NARRATIVE OF CABEÇA DE VACA

RELATION THAT ALVAR NUNEZ CABEÇA GAVE OF WHAT BEFELL THE ARMAMENT IN THE INDIES WHITHER PANFILO DE NARVAEZ WENT FOR GOVERNOR FROM THE YEAR 1527 TO THE YEAR 1536, WHEN WITH THREE COMRADES HE RETURNED AND CAME TO SEVILLA.

IT may, I suppose, be assumed that any authentic human story is a theosophic document for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear; and when it obviously affects the history of nations and the course of religions, even to a small extent, it becomes doubly and trebly theosophic. Perhaps the narrative of Cabeça de Vaca does not measure up with the greatest on any one of these counts, but it does partake of them all in some degree, thus making it legitimate material for a QUARTERLY article; while for pure heroism and sheer romance, it towers sky-high among the very best stories of adventure.

As the title shows, it was in 1527, on the very heels of Columbus himself, when all young Spain was eager to voyage across the Ocean Sea, that the author joined a magnificent and greatly promising expedition; an expedition of splendid ships with high-sounding Spanish names, bearing gaily caparisoned steeds and brightly-helmeted warriors, with a variety of hangers-on, to the number of six hundred souls. He was named treasurer of all this floating splendour, of which one Panfilo de Narvaez was commander, and they sailed boisterously to Cuba where they met with sundry disasters, and then on to Florida, meaning to make harbour in Tampa Bay.

Any one who is familiar with that coast of illusive islands and keys, can realize how easy it must have been, in the days of rudimentary charts, to miss a harbour mouth; and it will cause no surprise that the adventurers overshot the mark, and made a landing considerably farther north than their calculations indicated. Once ashore, they marched hither and yon among the swamps, confidently demanding gold and precious stones of such natives as they met,—poor, destitute, half-starved creatures who subsisted largely on shell-fish and roots, but who seemed to assent to the suggestions made by the odd visitors, that fabulous riches existed somewhere just beyond the immediate horizon line. Probably then as now, it was easier for an Indian to nod assent to a question, than to differ, and so plunge into the troublesome business of concocting answers.

Panfilo de Narvaez showed himself at every turn the most gullible and poor-spirited of mortals, and here, near the outset, he made one of his signal

and serious blunders. He sent all and every one of his ships northward, with orders to proceed till they should come to the great bay of Tampa, there to wait while he and his soldiers should march up by land, amassing gold and pearls and conquering the country as they went. Apparently no one considered the possibility of Tampa Bay lying to the south of them, but our Cabeça made a lusty protest against the whole scheme, with its division of forces, prophesying that never again would they see their ships; as indeed they never did. Narvaez first taunted him with cowardice, and then urged him to take command of the vessels, which he stubbornly persisted in despatching as he had planned; but Cabeça replied that he was a soldier and that his place was with his comrades, and furthermore, that he would by no means assume command of a fleet which he felt sure would eventually be forced to return to Spain, reporting that they had abandoned captain and friends to an unknown fate. He insisted only that his protest against the foolhardy course be put down in writing and witnessed, which was accordingly done.

From that time on, the history of the land expedition is a series of dire tragedies; men died of hunger, of thirst, of pestilence, and from the arrows of hostile Indians, till at last, as a sort of despairing hope, the survivors determined to set sail at any cost, preferring all dangers of the sea to the cruelties of the fever-ridden land. They toiled madly, forging nails from their stirrup buckles, making sails out of their linen shirts, twisting the fibres of palmetto into ropes, and subsisting the while chiefly on the flesh of their rack-a-bone horses, which they killed off one by one. Finally, by incredible ingenuity and labour, they completed and launched five little futile, unseaworthy vessels, so heavily laden that they could barely float. In these frail craft they skirted the coast, vainly seeking the lost ships, or in default of these, some hospitable place where they might find food and shelter.

Their course can be traced with surprising accuracy from Cabeça's careful narration, though it was to be a wearisome span of years before he could commit it to paper; we see them swept irresistibly out to sea by the strong current of the Mississippi; casting anchor in Pensacola Bay, where a little later De Soto was to gather news of their visitation; or now being driven away from, and now landing on, sundry recognizable islands.

When the ultimate depths of discouragement were reached, Narvaez made a characteristic and inglorious exit from the scene of action. Gathering the strongest and most able-bodied of the emaciated men into his own boat, he rowed frantically away from his weaker companions, calling to them that the time had come for each to shift for himself as best he could. A vivid picture is given us of Cabeça's exhausted crew, lying apparently lifeless in the bottom of his boat, while he himself and the sailing master spell each other at the oars, in an expiring effort to hold the little craft to her course, till, in a state of stupor and collapse, they are hurled by a huge breaker, high on a sandy beach. The following morning a feeble attempt was made to launch the boat again, but it was promptly capsized by the heavy surf. Three of the remaining men were drowned in this vain effort and the rest were again cast ashore,

"naked as the day we were born, and half perishing from cold and starvation; at sunset there came some friendly Indians with food, and at the sight of what had befallen us they all began to lament so earnestly that they might have been heard at a great distance. It was strange to see these men, wild and untaught and so like unto brutes, thus moved with pity over our misfortunes.

"In great fear, yet knowing naught else to do, I besought the Indians to take us with them to shelter, and they signified it would give them delight; presently thirty men loaded themselves with wood and started to their houses which were far off, and we remained with the others till they returned, when holding us up, they carried us with all haste. Because of the extreme coldness of the weather, lest any should die or fall by the way, they caused four or five very large fires to be placed at intervals, and at each they warmed us; and when they saw we had regained some heat and strength, they took us to the next so swiftly that they hardly let us touch our feet to the ground. . . . . An hour after our arrival they began to dance and hold great rejoicing which lasted all night, although for us there was no joy, festivity nor sleep, awaiting the hour when they should butcher us as victims for sacrifice. In the morning they again gave us fish and roots, showing us such hospitality that we were reassured." On this island, together with the survivors from a second boat, they remained until the following spring; when, of all that gallant swashbuckling company, there were alive only fifteen miserable souls.

Through a series of events Cabeça became separated from the rest of his companions. He was enslaved and beaten and driven for many months to unceasing labour, till gradually in despair he evolved a plan, almost hopeless but still a plan. He constituted himself a sort of trader, carrying small commodities such as shells, skins, prickly pears, and this-and-that, from one tribe to another. So doing, he assiduously gathered information about the country, and incidentally, to his joy, he heard of three other survivors, one a negro named Estevan, who was destined much later to play a leading part in the first exploration which penetrated northward into New Mexico. The four of them at last succeeded in joining forces. They concocted a scheme by which they might make their escape at a certain season when the tribe journeyed inland to gather the annual supply of prickly pears. After one or two signal failures, they succeeded in getting away unnoticed; and the three half-naked, half-starved white men, together with the negro Estevan, started forth to tramp their way across an unknown continent, with no possible knowledge of the distance to be traversed, and small knowledge of even the more immediate country, their only chart a sort of general supposition that if they went far enough toward the setting sun they must eventually come to the western ocean, and that somewhere on that far coast were the Spaniards who had conquered Mexico,—certainly as broad a generalization as ever made the goal for a journey's end.

All of Cabeça's experiences, however simply recounted, have a touch of the marvellous, but with the foot-journey westward they acquire a tinge of

the miraculous. It had chanced that now and then during their captivity they had been forced willy-nilly to undertake the office of medicine men, and happily for them, had met with a very large measure of success in their attempted cures. Now, as they approached one of the first villages that lay in their course, they found that fame had preceded them, and they were met by a delegation which greeted them as Children of the Sun and demanded their powerful offices for some members of the tribe who lay sick. In vain did they disown any special power of healing; the Indians were inexorable in their demands and large in their faith, which was visibly justified by the astonishing success which again and again followed the commandeered ministrations of the white strangers.

Whether the cures were effected by the unaided course of nature, or were abetted by the simple remedies commonly known to all educated men, or whether, as Cabeça himself sincerely believed, his devout prayers for divine aid were heard and answered, is for each of us to determine according to his faith. All the circumstances and details of the treatments are as prosaically recorded as are the descriptions of the strange animals and plants, or the geography of the country through which they passed. Since the most astounding of these healings is one of the very few episodes in the narrative which challenges credulity, I quote the account in full that it may be judged on its merits.

"At the end of the second day some Indians came to us and besought Castello that he would go to see one wounded and others sick, and they said that among them was one very near his end. Castello refused, for he was a timid practitioner, most so in serious and dangerous cases, believing that his sins would weigh and some day hinder him in performing cures. The Indians then told me to go and heal them as they liked me, and remembered that I had before ministered to them. Coming near their huts, I perceived that the sick man we went to heal was dead. Many persons were around him, and his hut was prostrate, a sign that one who dwelt in it was no more. When I arrived, I found the pulse gone, he having all the appearance of death. I removed a mat with which he was covered, and supplicated our Lord as fervently as I could that He would be pleased to give health to him. After he had been blessed and breathed upon many times, they brought me his bow and gave me a basket of pounded prickly pears, and I made my departure.

. . . .

"That night the Indians came again to our lodging, reporting that he who had been dead and for whom I wrought before them, had got up whole and walked, and had eaten and spoken with them. This caused much wonder and fear, and throughout the land the people talked of nothing else. All to whom the fame of it reached came to seek us, that we should cure them and bless their children, giving to us the best of all they had, and saying we were most truly Children of the Sun."

Whatever conclusion we may reach, the fact is that their solar origin was irrevocably established in the native mind, so that, immediately, the four

visitors were raised from the condition of fugitive slaves to the rank of heaven-sent medicine-men, and when the tribe could no longer induce them to remain in its midst, emanating blessing and protection, they were heaped with farewell gifts, and a devoted guard guided them to the next settlement toward the west.

It was in such manner that the whole of that first trip across the northern continent was accomplished. In village after village the cures were repeated, gifts were showered upon them, and a great company, which constantly grew in numbers and reverence, sped them on their way. The presents, which consisted chiefly of furs and the dried hearts of deer, with occasional bits of the treasured blue turquoise, were promptly redistributed among the inhabitants of the succeeding village as an initial act of friendliness; and when, of necessity, they tarried long weeks or even months with some special tribe, they shared equally in all the drudgery of the common life, digging their own roots for food, carrying their own loads of water and of fire-wood, and going destitute as their hosts of either clothing or adornment. In every way they showed themselves devoid of greed or of arrogance, so that happily no act of self-seeking marred their growing reputation as high and god-like beings.

Gradually, as they proceeded, the degree of civilization advanced perceptibly, and there were increasing rumours of an opulent country far to the north; there, people were said to dwell in cities of high terraced houses, where gold and turquoise and the precious maize abounded, and where the prairies were covered with vast herds of humpbacked cows, which furnished an inexhaustible supply of food and raiment. As tangible evidence of this superior race, they were shown sacred articles which served to sound the rhythm in the ceremonial dances—gourds filled with little pebbles which, they were told, ever and anon came floating down in the current of the rivers at such times as they were in flood. Two of these potent tokens were bestowed in gratitude upon Cabeça, and these alone from among all the gifts, he cannily allowed himself to retain against a possible need.

At long length, after more than six interminable years of hardship and endurance, including the weary, never-ending march across the wilderness, there came a breath-catching moment, as dramatic as Crusoe's first glimpse of a human foot-print in the sand; for one day, among the natives who flocked about them, there appeared one who wore an ornament upon his breast made from a Spanish sword-buckle and a forged horse-shoe nail—proof positive that somewhere within conceivable reach there were other white men, and that the chimerical goal which, against all hope, they had hoped for, had suddenly become a concrete reality. "In a manner of the utmost indifference we could feign, we asked how he had come by that which he wore, and he answered that it had been brought by certain men who had beards like us, and had come from heaven with horses, lances and swords; and that they had afterwards gone to sea, toward the sunset. Then did we give thanks to God our Lord, for we had despaired of ever hearing more of Christians."

Considering the next chapter of his experience, there is to us something

ironic in his manner of always referring to his compatriots as Christians—for nothing could be more unchristian than the ruthless marauders whose depradations were from now on in evidence. On every hand were deserted villages and neglected fields, while the fleeing, half-starved natives hid in the mountains and deep forests, to avoid the soldiery who were hunting and capturing them for slaves. The first Spaniards whom Cabeça encountered were of a quite particular depravity. After a grudging and half-hearted welcome to the eager and deeply-moved wanderers, the Captain confessed that he was "completely undone" since the inhabitants would no longer till the soil, nor hunt for game, nor furnish them with any other food whatever, so that his men were suffering greatly from want and privation. He begged that Cabeça would use his influence to draw the Indians from their hiding places in the hills, promising them full safety and protection; but when, obedient to the friendly summons, they flocked down bringing the needed stores of provisions, our friends were spirited away into the trackless forest, under the pretence that they were being led to the chief Alcalde of the province, and as soon as their backs were turned, the trusting natives were thrown into chains. Happily this special act of treachery was soon rectified, for the four intrepid travellers presently succeeded in reaching the central camp at Culiacan, where they were warmly received, and given full support in their demand that the wrong be immediately righted.

One could ask no stronger proof of the deep faith Cabeça had inspired, than the fact that, despite the recent duplicity, he was able to comply with a request of the Alcalde and once more induce the Indians to return with the much needed supplies. It was in this final and most difficult effort, that he at last made use of the magical gourds which he had so long kept by him against the hour of need. The messengers whom he sent to summon the fugitives were armed with these potent insignia of authority, and thus established his identity as the Child of the Sun whose beneficent deeds had been so widely heralded.

Certain officers, jealous of such esteem and reverence, tried to undermine it by contemptuously asserting that Cabeça was but a Spaniard like themselves, though of much meaner rank and importance. "But the Indians cared nothing for what was told them, saying among themselves that the Christians lied; that we had come whence the sun rises, and they whence it goes down; we healed the sick, they killed the sound; we came naked and barefoot, with no weapons, they had arrived in clothing, with lances and on horseback; that we were not covetous of anything, that all which was given us we straightway turned to give, remaining with nothing; that the others had only the purpose to rob whomsoever they found. Even to the last I could not persuade the Indians that we were of the Christians."

The rest of the account is brief: it tells of the kindness of the Alcalde in presenting them with clothes—which they could not wear, so used were their bodies to freedom; and in offering them commodious lodgings—which they enjoyed as little, for they could not sleep except upon the ground; and how in good time they were conveyed safely to the City of Mexico, where they were a nine-day wonder to the populace, who came in droves to gaze upon them.

In reward for his services, Cabeça was appointed Governor of the province of Rio de la Plata, but the office seems to have demanded a man of different fibre, and he soon became the object of intrigue. It resulted eventually in his arrest, a return under guard to Spain, and a sentence of banishment to Africa, which was never enforced. After a year or two of mild captivity in Seville, he was acquitted and apparently lived in peace until his death in 1557.

This closes the historical account. As one ponders over the story with its patent hall-marks of sincerity, close observation and retentive memory, one longs for a power of insight which could pierce behind and within the outer facts to the hidden world of causes. Although certain definite achievements have been freely credited to the journey and to the journal, these scarcely seem commensurate with the prolonged suffering and the superhuman efforts which were entailed.

It is granted that they were the first to cross the northern continent; they were the first to hear of the life-supporting bison of the Great Plains; they were the first to learn of the terraced pueblos of the Southwest; and it was their reports of the fabled Seven Cities of Turquoise and Gold, which kindled anew the fire of exploration among the Spaniards of the New World. Starting forth in their foot-steps and guided by the negro Estevan, Fray Marcos de Niza made his heroic pilgrimage to the gates of Zuni; and it was under their inspiration that Coronado led his Conquistadores far and wide in the search for glory and riches—northward, till they were checked by the Colorado mountains; eastward to the Kansas prairies, and westward, till they gazed in amazement over the rim of the Grand Cañon. Yet even so, the discoveries and the later colonization were of small material moment either to Spain or to the United States, the country retaining even to the present day the stamp of a frontier, and unless a deeper justification can be found, the game scarcely seems worth the candle.

It is difficult to speak of, or to measure, values which lie underneath the surface, but certain conditions and aspects are evident, which at least furnish food for speculation, since they seem more or less analogous to other events whose theosophic bearing has been pointed out again and again.

First we might recollect for a moment the cultures and religions which, in this far corner of the world, were quite untouched by European influence or tradition, until the first Spaniards cast their covetous and proselytizing eyes about them. Southward was Mexico, with its wealth of gold, a highly developed art, a strongly centralized government, and with many of the refinements of life; yet dominated and ruled in every detail by a malignant superstition, whose altars demanded human sacrifice on a scale seldom approached in the history of mankind. In sharp contrast to this, the arid plains of its northern namesake were dotted, then as now, with the little Indian pueblos, whose life was precariously maintained by a nice balance of bare needs against the scant products of the meagre soil; but where the protection of the gods was invoked only through ordered dance and enacted myths, free from the darker practices of sorcery and black magic,—ceremonies which later

research has shown were rooted in a deep cosmic philosophy, and a singularly pure belief.

Roughly speaking, the march of Cabeça de Vaca drew a median line between these two extremes, and from his description of the manners and customs among the peoples he met and sojourned with, we may gather that the country he traversed was a sort of religious no-man's land. Each tiny group had its own ethical standards, which varied enormously from village to village; in one he met with signal kindness and humanity, in the next he was beaten and starved and tortured; of one he writes, "Here each has an acknowledged wife, and they love their offspring the most of any in the world, so that if one dies, the whole tribe wails for an entire year"; but within scant three days' travel, he meets others who "kill all the weak and nearly all the girl babies, lest the food supply be over-taxed, and for a mere nothing they break up wedlock". In places he found them "going naked as the day they were born", in others "clothed with much modesty in cotton shirts and robes of deer-skin." All seems to have been in a state of flux, with no cohesion, countless languages, and greatly varying forms of worship. There is frequent mention of areitos, or ceremonial dances, but in looking back over the entire experience, he is able to state, "Nowhere in the two thousand leagues we have travelled on land, and in boats on the water, have I found either sacrifice or idolatry".

The provinces of Mexico were not very remote, nor, on the western slope, difficult of access, and it seems quite within the probabilities that these isolated peoples, with so little social unity or strength of common conviction, were in imminent danger of being drawn under the sway of the fierce deities who ruled their southern neighbours; and moreover, that once established in this mid-region, the wave of superstition would gather strength for a further advance, so that the ultimate contamination of the purer north would have been almost inevitable.

There is a weird tale which came to the ears of Cabeça shortly after the fame of his first cures had spread over the land, which might here be interpolated as interesting in itself, and as an episode with possible significance: "These and the rest of the people behind, related an extraordinary circumstance, and there appeared from their reckoning to be about fifteen or sixteen years since it occurred. They said a man whom they called Bad Thing had wandered about the country. He was small of body and wore a beard, but they never clearly saw his features; when he came to a house where they lived, their hair stood up on end and they trembled, and when it pleased him he would lift the dwelling with him, and afterwards both would come down in a heavy fall; sometimes a firebrand shone at the door, when he would enter, seize whom he chose, and give him three gashes in the side with a sharp flint, and would draw forth and cut off a portion of the entrails which he would throw upon the embers; he would then sever an arm from the body, and a little after would unite it again by putting his hand on the wounds, which would instantly become healed. We laughed much and ridiculed these things, and they, seeing our incredulity, brought to us many they said he had seized,

and we saw the marks of the gashes made in places according to the manner described. We told them he was an Evil One and gave them to understand that if they would believe in God our Lord and become Christians, they need not fear him; and they might be certain he would not venture to appear while we remained in the land. At this they were delighted and lost much of their dread".

The utter truth and simplicity of the narrative as a whole, forbids our throwing this incident too lightly into the discard as merely a fantastic tale, and it might be enlightening, if space permitted, to compare it with similar legends which recount the appearance of demoniacal beings among other barbaric races which are addicted to voodooism and the practice of human sacrifice.

However, without giving the curious story undue weight, we may quite well assume that there was need of a strong stand against the threatened encroachment of a debased and powerful superstition, and that the new force of Christianity had a very real part to play in the defence. Among the possible agents and representatives who were at hand in the field, many, if not most, would obviously have to be discarded as highly unfit. Narvaez, cowardly and self-seeking; the bigoted *padre* who "straightway burned the painted boxes in which the Indians had placed their dead, denouncing them as heathenish and diabolical objects"; the faithless soldiers who connived and mutinied against their leaders—no and no and again no. But there was Cabeça de Vaca, of other fibre; a devout and loyal son of Mother Church, yet neither disputatious nor intolerant; of unflinching honesty and courage, a soldier true to his captain even when that captain proved worthless and untrue: he might well be entrusted with the momentous task of drawing, quite unconsciously, an invisible line of spiritual defence, clear across the country, "from sea to shining sea". Through his unswerving devotion and his kindly virtues, coupled with a gift of healing, he would bear steady witness to the faith, and at every turn he would affirm in all humility, that the power which guided and supported him came from a beneficent God, "our Master, the Lord".

It may be significant to note that the unbounded influence which he wielded over the Indians seems to have descended upon him almost over-night. In all the first years of his captivity, there was apparently nothing which marked him as especially outstanding to the native mind; even when they insisted upon his earning his living by serving as a Medicine Man, it was with the casual observation that "sticks and stones have magical power and a remarkable man like yourself must have some of it, surely", and the successful efforts which ensued were taken as a matter of course, and added but little to the scant consideration accorded him. Then, at the very outset of his westward journey, the phenomenal following was upon him; day after day it persisted in increasing numbers, and grew in faith until the moment of his farewell to them at Culiacan, when almost as suddenly as he had risen to eminence, his gift of leadership deserted him. We know that he was unable to hold the little command at Rio de la Plata, and soon thereafter he quietly subsided into the peaceful obscurity of his later days.

He relates the incidents of his strange and magnetic power with a singular lack of egotism and a still more singular lack of surprise: "Frequently we were accompanied by three thousand or four thousand persons, and as we had to breathe upon and sanctify the food and drink for each, for not until then would they partake of it, it may be seen how great was the annoyance"; "whatsoever they killed or found was put before us without they themselves daring to take anything until we had blessed it, though they should be expiring of hunger." "On all the days' travel we received great inconvenience from the many persons following us; had we attempted to escape we could not have succeeded, such was their haste in pursuit, in order to touch us," and so on and on, in item after item, all perfectly matter-of-fact and with no hint of pride or self-glorification.

Since he was held in a reverence which amounted almost to deification, it is no wonder that he could say with perfect truth, "They were ready to accept all Christian teaching we could impart. We taught them by signs that in heaven was a Man we called God who had created the sky and the earth, and Him we worshipped and had for a master; so ready of apprehension we found them, that could we have had a better use of language by which to make ourselves more perfectly understood, we should have left them all Christians." Nor, judging from the following naïve description of the way in which he finally, just before his leave-taking, transferred the last of the pursuing throng from the perils of heathendom to the shelter of the orthodox fold, could they have felt overmuch the shock of change: "Asked to whom they offered worship, from whom they asked for rain for their corn fields and health for themselves, they answered: 'Of a man that is in heaven whose name is Aguar', and they believed he created the world and all things. They said that from their fathers and grandfathers and from very distant times came their knowledge, and they knew the rain and all good things came from him.

"We told them that the name of Him of whom they spoke we called Dios, and if they would call him so and worship as we directed, they would find their welfare. They replied that they well understood and would do as we said." Could anything be less disturbing?

His further conclusion that "to bring all these people to be Christians and to the obedience of your Imperial Majesty, they must be won by kindness, which is a way certain, and no other is",—might profitably have been taken to heart by those who came after, for unfortunately dogmatism and ruthless fanaticism were destined to pull down with one hand what faith and sacrifice built up with the other, till those who scoff at the apparent futility of the four hundred years of missions and missionaries seem amply justified.

Yet we cannot withold a tribute to the intrepid line of Franciscans who, in the next few years, unflinchingly plodded their way to certain martyrdom across the miles of sand and cactus, nor to the single-hearted *padres* who, during the following century, spirited out of the unpromising field of New Mexico the great upgrowth of churches, with their stupendous crop of baptisms; nor even to the courageous colonists, whose loyalties were so neatly parcelled out between God and Mammon.

It surely does not demand an undue stretch of the theosophic imagination to conceive that their splendid devotion might have been accepted and used, not only to promulgate the Christianity they professed, but to safeguard as well the truths of another faith which they themselves failed to understand; so that in this remote and isolated region, the revelations of an earlier race have in fact been preserved, till they could in some measure be comprehended, and perhaps passed on to future generations of men.

Here and now within our borders, the lion and the lamb seem to have lain down together in a most unusual amity. In orthodox adobe churches, every Christmas Eve, the Virgin is honoured by an age-old dance for good hunting, while in others, the altars are heaped with the little clay images which will later be offered at the shrines of native gods. The old men of the mesas rise at dawn to greet the Sun-Father, before going to early mass; and the ever-beautiful Corn-Maidens minister for the earth's fruitfulness, in front of a green bower, within which is ensconced the patron saint of the pueblo. Under the very shadow of mission walls, the Giant Shalakos dance back and forth before their own aboriginal altars; down the rocky trail and off past the government schoolhouse, the Katzinas wend their way to the far-off Sacred Mountain; and without let or hindrance from the incumbent field-matron or agricultural agent, the wise serpents are borne aloft in the great prayer for rain, that "the grain may not wither and dry up, but come to ripeness, that our children may have to eat and that afterward we too may have to eat."

E. A.

Let us feed on the lives and thoughts of great men, that we may react against the mediocrity of our surroundings.—CAHUET.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

QUITE a number of years ago it was suggested to me that I write a "Why I Joined The Theosophical Society". I did endeavour to do so, but the result seemed to me to be so devoid of interest to anyone else, that I put it to one side, and finally gave up the idea altogether.

Now I feel I was wrong in my conclusion, for the simple reason that as I am always much interested when reading in the QUARTERLY the "why" of others, it seems possible that some may be interested in mine.

When I was a young lad, my parents were interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism. I recollect sitting with them in a dimly lighted room, hands upon the table, all singing a hymn, and I hoping something would happen. I remember that the sitting was a failure that night, but in later years my father told me that often strange things did happen; the moving of objects, answering of questions by taps on the table, etc. Certain things which happened rather frightened him, and caused him to doubt the wisdom of such practices; so he decided to experiment no more until his family grew up, when he would make further investigations. Learning, however, from Theosophy, in later years, something of the meaning and cause of the phenomena, of course these further investigations never took place.

My father used to call himself an agnostic in regard to religion, and took great pleasure in argument, especially with ministers, who, as was the custom in those days, visited us from time to time. I took a keen interest in those arguments, and two of the impressions they left on me were that my father always had the best of them, and a feeling of being sorry for the minister.

I always think it was much to my father's credit that while he himself had no faith in religion, he always insisted that his children should regularly attend Sunday school, saying, as I well remember, that he wanted us to hear both sides of the question, so that, as we grew older, we should be better able to choose for ourselves. I, although always ready with some argument, more or less foolish, against religion, yet had a strong leaning towards it, and I tried the church and Sunday school of many different denominations.

My father had a well illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, a prize given him in early days for regular attendance at Sunday school. I read and reread this book and was deeply impressed by it, not with the theology of it, but rather because I seemed to sense a mysterious something which touched a chord in my own inner feelings. At this time I was about twelve years old. After that I passed through different phases of life, finding deep interest first in one thing and then in another,—so marked that, in later years,

I came to the conclusion that life, or at least the earlier portions of it, is an epitome of many previous ones.

As I grew older, my thought began again to centre on things pertaining to wider and deeper views of life. While out walking one starlight night, I was strongly impressed with the thought that perhaps I had lived on earth before, and that probably the scheme of things was a life here, then a life on some star, followed by a return to earth again. I had heard nothing suggesting reincarnation at that time, but I was trying to discover some logical solution of existence, the idea of eternity spent in either place, as generally taught in the church, not appealing to me in the least.

Shortly after this, a friend of my father's told him of meetings being held in our city which would interest him. My father told me, and suggested that I go and see what they were like. I went and heard a lecture on Theosophy, given in a small room, and went home to tell him it was just what he wanted. These were the words I used, and I have wondered since, how I knew. Anyway, my intuition proved to be correct, and both my parents attended, joined, and were members when the time came for their passing on to other spheres.

For some reason I now cannot fathom, I did not myself attend till some time afterwards. I felt interested, but somehow it seemed that my time had not yet come. One night my father came home from a meeting and told me of the existence of Masters. I felt not the slightest doubt, accepting the wonderful news at once, and I started then to go to the meetings. I attended regularly and did what I could to help, yet felt no inclination to apply for membership. Quite suddenly it seemed that a barrier was removed; I applied and was accepted.

This was in the year 1897, and the upheaval which took place soon afterwards, came as a great shock. Perhaps the threatened loss made my membership more valuable to me. I had become deeply attached to the members of our Branch, and now differences had arisen which I could only too plainly see meant a division, with unavoidable loss. It was indeed a period of pain. It seemed that I had lost the best gift life had given me.

One day an old member told me that the Society was still in existence, and gave me the New York address. I wrote and received a kindly reply. It was with real joy that I renewed my membership, which to-day is one of my most valued privileges.

Karma has ordained that the privilege should not be without some pain, through the misunderstanding of friends who sometimes think that for one to go off the beaten track is, to say the least, peculiar. So few understand, even when one's greatest desire is for their good; so a sensitive nature is bound to suffer. Still, has it not always been so? It is our opportunity to rise above pain, an opportunity that helps us to appreciate a little what those to whom the world owes so much have had to suffer because the world knew them not. But theirs is the joy of service and the certitude that Truth will prevail, and we, though perhaps as yet in a small way, can share in that joy, and help in the healing of the hurts of the world.

A. H.

BRIHAD ARANYAKA UPANISHAD

PART IV, SECTIONS 1, 2.

JANAKA AND YAJNAVALKYA

THE greater part of the teaching of the Upanishads is conveyed in dramatic dialogues, the Discourse of Death and Nachiketas standing as the type. In these dialogues, the development of the teaching is carried forward through question and answer: one disciple, or sometimes more than one, asking questions, which are answered by a Master of Wisdom. This symbolizes all real spiritual teaching, for the Master can give only in response to a genuine need and demand of the disciple.

In the present dialogue, the first of a series in which Janaka and Yajnavalkya take part, the situation is somewhat different, in as much as Janaka, King of the Videhas, is a renowned King Initiate, whose name became a proverb for royal wisdom. Yet Yajnavalkya is represented as greater than Janaka. So that we have the representation of an Initiate instructed by a still higher Initiate. Yajnavalkya initiates King Janaka into a still higher degree of wisdom and power. It is, therefore, in harmony with this situation, that in these dialogues between the great and the greater Initiate, we have some of the noblest and most eloquent teachings in these sacred books.

King Janaka is seated on his throne, or, perhaps it would be more in keeping with Oriental custom to say, on his cushion of honour. It is not clear whether he is alone, or surrounded by his courtiers, as was King Pravahana, son of Jivala, when the Brahman youth Shvetaketu came to him, and was put to confusion by a series of questions dealing with the Mysteries. King Janaka's greeting to Yajnavalkya, at first sight rather ironical: "With what purpose hast thou come,—seeking herds, or subtle questions?" in reality has a deeper meaning, as has the reply of Yajnavalkya: "Both, indeed, O King!" For herds of cattle are the symbol of perceptive powers, they are "the knowers of the field" of perception, as the *Bhagavad Gita* says. The natural senses are, therefore, symbolized by five cattle. When the inner senses are developed, giving a double range of perceptive powers, the cattle number ten, or a multiple of ten: in the present case, a thousand. The Initiate is enriched; the number of his herds is increased. The elephant also is a symbol, since his trunk, at once a power of perception and a power of action, is taken to represent awakened spiritual intelligence and will. The elephant is a symbol of the higher Mind, and the gift which Janaka wishes to bestow on Yajnavalkya symbolizes the full complement of outer and inner powers of perception and action, with the higher Mind in control.

The whole of this part of the dialogue conveys an understanding concerning

Brahma, the Eternal, essential Being. The first declaration is, that the Eternal is the Word, exactly in the sense of the prologue of the Fourth Gospel. The Word, the Logos, the Voice, called by Philo of Alexandria, "the Mind of God", is the primal manifestation of that which in itself is unmanifested, the ever veiled Divinity. The Divine Voice, the Divine Word, issues forth through Space; or, to speak more truly, its issuance creates Space and all that is within Space. Therefore the Word is the abode, the all-containing universe of beings, as contrasted with the recondite essence of Being. The Power here called Shining Ether, or Akasha, is the initial manifestation or radiation, the Power of Divine Nature, which is at once the first and the source of the seven magical Powers, whether of Kosmos or of man.

The second aspect of manifested Being presented to us is Life. And Life, in the spiritual sense, is co-existent and co-extensive with Space. There is no corner of the universe so remote as to be devoid of Life. Contemporary science is approaching this view, revealing a universe throughout the whole of which the substance which we may still call Matter is distributed. And this Matter in reality consists of electrons which are charges of electrical energy, revolving around nuclei, likewise electrical, with velocities entirely inconceivable, even though they may be represented by figures. Further, it seems that these electrical units are so richly endowed with energy, that they continue their incalculably swift gyrations for millions of millions of years, or, practically, for ever. So that the universe of contemporary science is packed with intense energy throughout its whole extent. In that sense, and to that degree, the universe is Life. But, as compared with the ancient Oriental teaching, one vital element is lacking. Real Life consists not only in energy, but even more in Consciousness. It is not enough to say that energy, ceaseless motion, is co-extensive with the universe. We must further see that Consciousness is co-extensive with the universe. Further than that, instead of thinking that Consciousness pervades all Space, we should understand that Space is a function of Consciousness; not of our present personal consciousness, but of universal Consciousness. Therefore, "as Consciousness let him reverence That".

Perceiving Consciousness is best symbolized by Vision, whether we mean the outward vision of the eyes, through which we behold earth and the heavens, or the inward vision of the heart, through which we touch the realities of spiritual Being. Therefore our growing understanding of the Eternal, as the Word, and as Life, is further enriched by the thought of Vision, the divine perceptive power which is infused through all Space, all Being.

Hearing is a like symbol, yet with something added. For the Eastern name for the Scriptures is "that which was heard", Hearing thus symbolizing spiritual learning, which is also an aspect of the Eternal, and also pervades all Life. Yet another aspect of the Eternal is Joy. In the words of another Upanishad: "Who could live, who could breathe, if the heart of Being were not Joy?"

So the dialogue awakens our intuition of the Eternal, as the Logos, as Life, as Joy. But there is a second purpose running through it: Life, Vision, Hear-

ing, Joy, are not only in the Eternal; they are equally in ourselves. The second purpose of the dialogue is to lead us to recognize each one of our powers, whether of perception or of action, as a power of the Eternal, manifested and present in us. A complete realization of this should bring, first, consecration, then liberation from the delusion of separate existence, the delusion of self.

After Janaka descends from his seat, the purpose of the dialogue changes. It is no longer a question of awakening general spiritual intuitions; it is a question of arousing to fuller life and activity the Spiritual Man. The Woman, of whom Yajnavalkya has spoken, is in one sense the passive spiritual nature, which is to be made active by aspiration. As a result, "the son" is born, whom Paul calls "the new man", or "the second Adam." Another name for the same "son", frequently used in the Upanishads, is "the Inner Heart." So that we may hold that the theoretical teaching concerning the divine powers of the Logos, the manifested Eternal, was a preface, a preparation for practical development, leading to the birth and growth of the Spiritual Man. It is worth noting that Shankara Acharya describes the "subtile body" as an eater of finer food,—the same phrase that is used here.

Yet the Spiritual Man is not the final goal; rather, he is a stepping stone to the Supreme Self, described by Yajnavalkya in eloquent sentences, which echo down the ages: "It is not that, not that!"

A Dialogue of Sages

Janaka, King of the Videha nation, had taken his seat. Thereupon Yajnavalkya drew near to him. To him Janaka said:

Yajnavalkya, with what purpose hast thou come,—seeking herds, or subtle questions?

Both, indeed, O King! Yajnavalkya answered. Whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Jitvan, son of Shilina, has declared to me that the Eternal, verily, is Voice, the Word, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, just so did Jitvan, son of Shilina, say that the Eternal is the Voice, the Word, saying to himself: What can he have, who is voiceless? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

The Voice, the Word, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As Consciousness let him reverence That.

What is the character of Consciousness, Yajnavalkya?

The Voice, the Word, O King, said he. For through the voice, the word, verily, O King, a friend is recognized and also the Rig Veda, the Yajur Veda, the Sama Veda, the Atharva-Angirasa, history, tradition, wisdom, secret teaching, verse, memorial sentences, expositions, commentaries, sacrifice, oblation, what is eaten, what is drunk, and this world and the other world

and all beings,—through the voice, the word, verily, O King, these are recognized. Therefore, the Supreme Eternal is the Voice, the Word. Nor does the Voice, the Word abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Udanka, son of Shulba, has declared to me that the Eternal, verily, is Life, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, just so did Udanka, son of Shulba, say that the Eternal is Life, saying to himself: What can he have, who is lifeless? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

Life, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As the Beloved let him reverence That.

What is the character of the Beloved, Yajnavalkya?

Life, verily, O King, said he. For through the desire of life, O King, one sacrifices even for him for whom no sacrifice should be offered, one accepts gifts from him from whom no gifts should be accepted. From the desire of life, O King, comes the fear of death, to whatever region one may go. Therefore, the Supreme Eternal, O King, is Life. Nor does Life abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Barku, son of Vrishna, has declared to me that the Eternal is Vision, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, just so did Barku, son of Vrishna, say that the Eternal is Vision, saying to himself: What can he have, who is without vision? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

Vision, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As the Real let him reverence That.

What is the character of the Real, Yajnavalkya?

Vision, verily, O King, said he. For when, O King, they say to one beholding through vision: Hast thou seen? He says: I have seen! That is the Real. Therefore, the Supreme Eternal, O King, is Vision. Nor does Vision abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Gardabhivipita Bharadvaja has declared to me that the Eternal is Hearing, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, even so did Gardabhivipita Bharadvaja say that the Eternal is Hearing, saying to himself: What can he have, who is without hearing? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

Hearing, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As the Infinite let him reverence That.

What is the character of the Infinite, Yajnavalkya?

Space, verily, O King, said he. Therefore, verily, O King, in whatever direction of Space one goes, of that he does not reach the end, for the directions of Space are infinite. And the spaces, O King, are Hearing. Hearing, verily, O King, is the Supreme Eternal. Nor does Hearing abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Satyakama, son of Jabala, has declared to me that the Eternal is Mind, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, even so did Satyakama, son of Jabala, say that the Eternal is Mind, saying to himself: What can he have, who is without mind? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

Mind, verily, is the abode. Radiant Ether is the foundation. As Joy let him reverence That.

What is the character of Joy, Yajnavalkya?

Mind, verily, O King, said he. For through Mind, verily, O King, he aspires toward the Woman, wherein a son conformable to himself is born. He is Joy. Mind, verily, O King, is the Supreme Eternal. Nor does Mind abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts! But whatsoever anyone has declared to thee, that let us hear! said he.

Vidagdha, son of Shakala, has declared to me that the Eternal is the Heart, said Janaka.

As though one were to say that a man had a mother, a father, an instructor, even so did Vidagdha, son of Shakala, say that the Eternal is the Heart, saying to himself: What can he have, who is without a heart? But did he declare to thee the abode, the foundation?

He did not declare that to me, said Janaka.

That is a one-legged answer, O King!

Do thou declare it to me, Yajnavalkya!

The Heart, verily, is the abode. Shining Ether is the foundation. As Steadfast let him reverence That.

What is the character of Steadfast, Yajnavalkya?

The Heart, verily, O King, said he. For the Heart, O King, is the abode of all beings. The Heart, verily, O King, is the foundation of all beings. For in the Heart, verily, O King, all beings have their foundation. The Heart, verily, O King, is the Supreme Eternal. Nor does the Heart abandon him, all beings are subject to him, becoming a Radiant Being, he goes to the Radiant Beings, who, thus knowing, reverences That.

A herd of a thousand with a bull like an elephant I bestow! said Janaka, King of the Videha nation.

But Yajnavalkya said, My father thought that one who has not imparted the teaching should not accept gifts!

Janaka, King of the Videha nation, descending from his seat, said:

Obeisance to thee, Yajnavalkya! Impart to me the teaching!

Yajnavalkya said: Like as a King, preparing for a great journey, would make ready a chariot or a ship, even so art thou prepared in thy inner Self through these secret teachings. Therefore, as thou art leader of a host, endowed with wealth, a master of the Vedas, learned in the secret teachings,—when thou art liberated from this world, whither wilt thou go?

That I know not, Sire, whither I shall go!

Then, verily, I shall declare this to thee, whither thou wilt go.

Let my Master declare it! said he.

Enkindler, verily, by name is this Spirit in the right eye. Him, verily, being

the Enkindler, they call Indra, the Lord, with a hidden meaning. For the Radiant Beings are lovers of the hidden, haters of the manifest.

And so this Power, having the form of Spirit, in the left eye is his consort Viraj, the Luminous. Of these two, the place of concordant praise is this Shining Ether in the Inner Heart. And so their subsistence is this ruddy sphere in the Inner Heart. The covering which envelopes these two is, as it were, a network in the Inner Heart. The path which these two follow is the channel which runs upward from the Heart. Fine as a hair divided a thousandfold are these channels named Well-disposed, which have their foundation in the Inner Heart. Through these, verily, flows on the fluent life. Therefore is this an eater of finer food, as it were, than this bodily self.

Of him, the eastern lives are the eastern space. The southern lives are the southern space. The western lives are the western space. The northern lives are the northern space. The lives above are the space above. The lives below are the space below. All the lives are all the spaces of him.

But the Supreme Self is not that, not that! The Supreme Self is intangible, for It cannot be grasped. The Supreme Self is indestructible for It cannot be destroyed. The Supreme Self is illimitable, for It cannot be limited. It is free from bondage, unshaken, invulnerable.

Thou hast attained the Fearless, O Janaka! said Yajnavalkya.

Then Janaka said: May the Fearless come to thee, Yajnavalkya, since as a Master thou makest us know the Fearless. Obeisance to thee! In thy keeping be the Videha nation, and myself also!

C. J.

That which doth set thee free from self shall bring
Nighness to God! . . . Not self-possessing
Art thou thine own—but self-abandoning.—From the Persian of Sa'di.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Recorder, instead of confining himself to his function as irritant and amanuensis, announced, on this occasion, that he had something to say. "There are three books", he explained, "that I want to recommend, though all of them require a word or two of introduction. The first is, *The Great Conjecture: Who is this Jesus?* by Winifred Kirkland, published by Henry Holt and Company. 'An account of experience with the inescapable Galilean', is the sub-title on the 'jacket'. The book is noteworthy as the record of an experiment, honestly undertaken and steadfastly continued, with results which should put many students of Theosophy to shame. The author decided to adopt, as a working hypothesis, the existence of Christ as a living Master and friend. 'All these centuries', she writes, 'Christianity has gone crippled because it has failed to practise the law of action as the means to conviction, that law of Christ the boldest scientist of all—first *do*, then *know*.' In obedience to this scientific principle, perhaps with no more faith than the chemist puts into the result of his experiment, she set out to 'practise the presence of the risen Jesus', explaining,—'By the practice of the presence of the risen Jesus I mean the stern and dogged effort to make the actual Galilean as real to us as he was to Mary Magdalen on Easter Morning or to Paul on the road to Damascus. I mean devoting the finest energy of our being to making the peasant Carpenter of Nazareth come alive beside us, and then trying to obey every word we imagine him as saying to us.' She adds, for the benefit of her scientific friends: 'Every one has the right to dedicate the imagination to whatever dream he chooses.'

"Students of occultism in all ages have been told that the right use of the imagination is the basis of all magical phenomena, as it is of all productive meditation, though, of necessity, 'stern and dogged effort' alone can bring results. That results are not slow to develop, the author testifies convincingly, —as all true mystics have for ever testified. 'Jesus of Nazareth, looking over my shoulder as I read the morning's headlines, and pronouncing his clear-eyed comment; Jesus of Nazareth reading some adolescent novel and saying in genuine amusement, "Children shaking bones as a baby does a rattle!" Jesus of Nazareth beside me in the theatre, whispering to me, "O woman, pity! Can you not see the starving hearts beneath the cynicism?"' She speaks more than once of the same Master's well-known irony.

"There is much that rings true, at least in spirit. There are other things which do not ring true at all; but I am not recommending this book as by one who has attained. The author has begun and has continued—in itself, a great achievement—and should attain (must attain, I believe) if, with ever-opening mind, her effort be continued to the end. She is 'untrained', in the theosophic

sense (she has had none of our immense advantages); she has carried into her experiment many unfortunate but wide-spread misconceptions; she has a mental picture of the Master which is a mixture of Ramsay MacDonald—or any other ardent Labour Pacifist—and of a young Jewish carpenter who *always* carries his bag of tools, as a sort of passport into contemporary society: and yet she has done what many students of Theosophy have not done,—she has grasped and has acted upon a principle which underlies all spiritual progress, —the principle of obedience to the highest we can imagine as our Master's will for us, and instruction to us, in each moment as it passes,—the instruction, not of a dry-as-dust school-teacher or priest, but of a devoted Elder Brother. Her first-hand experience, 'mixed' though it is, should be an inspiration to many who have lost heart too soon on the path of the Divine Adventure.

"The second book I want to recommend is a War book,—*A Subaltern's War*, by Charles Edmonds, published in London by Peter Davies, Ltd. I want to recommend it because it is written, obviously, by *a man*, and therefore serves as an antidote to the puling, poisonous pessimism of Henri Barbusse, Herr Erich Remarque, and the many English and American writers on the War, whose motto is or ought to be, 'Safety First', and whose mothers must have crooned their infant manhood to sleep to the tune of, 'I didn't raise my son to be a soldier.' 'Po' white trash', as a darkie might remark. *A Subaltern's War* is a vivid, some would say, a realistic account of things seen and done on the Somme, and at the battle of Passchendaele, not by a professional soldier, but by a boy who began his campaigns when seventeen, 'caught up by the war out of an [English] country vicarage.' It is admirably written, and concludes with an 'Epilogue' in which the author discusses, sensibly and with detachment, the 'since the war' psychology. I liked this: 'To die young is by no means an unmitigated misfortune; to die gaily in the unselfish pursuit of what you believe to be a righteous cause is an enviable and not a premature end.' Then this interested me, as being something which, I venture to suggest, should never be forgotten by a student of Theosophy, who necessarily is a student of life: 'Fear is the worst of the horrors of war. Fear is that which degrades, which breeds cruelty, envy and malice; and fear is the enemy in war. The merit of discipline is that it strengthens the nerve of every man by filling him with the general courage. Just as a panicstricken mob is baser and more cowardly than any one of its members, so a disciplined regiment is nobler and braver.'

"Was it not Ernest Hello who laid it down as a rule of his religious life, never to leave anything undone which he found himself afraid to do?

"On the other hand, is it not in any case arguable that German atrocities in France and Belgium were the product of inherent cowardice,—in some cases, a reaction from terror, in other cases, terror's immediate expression? A brave man is never cruel. That individual Germans were brave, I do not doubt, although, incidentally, we should not confuse insensibility, or a lack of imagination, with courage.

"But I am digressing. My excuse is that Charles Edmonds (who says that

is not his real name) makes one think,—which is perhaps the best that any author can do for us.

"'My third' is a French book, *Les Augures de Genève*, by René Benjamin, author of the unforgettable *Soliloque de Maurice Barrès*, of *Valentine, ou La Folie démocratique*, and of other brilliant works. His book about Geneva and the League of Nations is a delight, for its humour, for its sanity, for its complete absence of current shibboleths and illusions. How I wish it could be translated into English, and read by everyone in England and America! It would do our sickly mental atmosphere a world of good. Unfortunately, he does not write *pour les jeunes filles*, and would not always bear translation (strange, that some things which are 'quite all right' in one language, often sound crude in another!); but those who read French; who are sufficiently mature, and who are not likely to see evil when no evil is intended, should get *Les Augures*, and should do what they can to share its wholesomeness with others: for the author *is* wholesome; to an unusual degree *il a un goût pour la verité*—a 'flair' for the truth—and, therefore, little as he dreams of doing so, is working for the cause of Theosophy.

"I am tempted to translate one passage, in the hope that some few readers of the QUARTERLY will 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' it, and will use it later for the pricking of Pacifist bubbles:—'Life is a drama, and one would have to be a babe-in-arms, or an old man in his dotage, to doubt it. It is a drama everywhere. It is a drama in France, because, among other dangers, together with stupidity, illness and death, there is Germany; and it is useless to ask oneself if, on the other side of the Rhine, Pacifism is spreading, if democracy is slowly undermining patriotism, how many Germans hate war, or if the majority of them are men of good faith. It is enough to watch them at the Society of Nations [at Geneva]: I say to watch them; I do not say to make them the subject of psychiatric, psychological or psychoanalytical study. These are people who arrive with their politeness, their arguments, their good will, their ability to work, their portfolios, their interests. They bow, they speak heavily but blandly; they declare they will never again make war, that they desire to act in concert always, that a new era has dawned. Then they disclose their demands, which are exorbitant, so naïve in their audacity, so tranquilly indiscreet, that one perceives, to begin with, minds where the truth is in a fog, like Upper Silesia. Next, they are answered. They are answered with infinite precautions, with praise of their valour, of their organization, of all the aspects of their genius, though necessarily, at last, their very daring propositions are disputed. Then, instantly, they are transformed, they stiffen, they grow red, they bang the table, they slam a door, and are gone. This tragi-comedy happens daily and inevitably. It happens always, always, among the calmest of Commissions, in the course of the most courteous investigations, that the German who, in appearance, is entirely upright and most reasonable, ceases to be master of himself. He becomes angry, he explodes; he wants to control others, and it is he who no longer controls himself. His loyalty, his will, his reason, his aptitude for work—everything is suddenly

consumed, swallowed up by a spurting flame that surges from the depths of him, from the most hidden part of his temperament, from the abyss of his heredity, from the appalling mystery of his destiny. Watch an Englishman and see how he controls himself; a Frenchman, an Italian, all these old races,—what self-mastery they possess! But the German is like a youth whose nature, still in a state of effervescence, controls him by turning his will topsy-turvy, pushing him into sudden follies. Treaties, agreements, discussions, precautions, concessions,—such things do not count any more in the presence of this congenital calamity. Even if all the Germans together, in an immense national chorus, were to swear with the greatest sincerity that they would thereafter behave like lambs,—what guarantee would such honesty offer, seeing that it is *in spite of themselves* that suddenly they become wolves?'

"That is the author in his serious vein. Here is a passage which is perhaps more characteristic. He is speaking of the efforts that are made to stimulate the humanitarianism of the League of Nations. 'From the fjords of Norway, the snows of Stockholm, from the reformed [Nonconformist] churches of England, from the Y. M. C. A. of America, delegates, male or female [he does not say *and*], descend upon Geneva,—a Bible tucked under their arm. The very fact of carrying it, gives them an over-powering air: and they set about at once to preach Charity. And then? Then,—that is all. They don't preach the rest of it, which is Sacrifice. It is probable that the pages about Calvary and the Cross were loose-leaved, and that they have disappeared. "Lord God . . . (It is always to God the Father that they address their remarks)—no sacrifices!" They wish, they are determined, that all of us shall die in our beds—sterilized beds—between a Red Cross nurse who will remind us of the neutrality of Rappard [one of the Swiss representatives], and a medical expert who will keep before our mind's eye, these gentlemen of the League of Nations.' "

There was a pause. The Historian then remarked that he, too, would like to talk about a book, following the example of the Recorder. "*Some Unpublished Letters of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky*", he said, "with an Introduction and Commentary by Eugene Rollin Corson, B.S., M.D.—letters addressed originally to the commentator's father and mother—have recently been published in London. This book will soon be on sale in America. Outsiders who buy it and read it are likely to question our members, and I want to put them on their guard,—so far as I am able to do so at this time, for I have been dreadfully busy, and have had no opportunity to read more than part of Dr. Corson's comment, and some of H. P. B.'s letters. The letters, so far as I have read them, are undoubtedly genuine; the comments are those of a man whose disposition is friendly and sympathetic. In some respects he shows unusual understanding of his very difficult subject; but he makes one terrible blunder, involving an injustice to H. P. B. which he does not intend, and which I believe he will sincerely regret when the facts are called to his attention. He quotes the well-known slanders of Count Witte, H. P. B.'s cousin, and then adds: 'Some of this narrative is from hearsay evidently, and therefore

uncertain. Some of it is evidently erroneous; he [Witte] speaks of the medium "Hume" when he probably means Home, and then he is mixed on her theosophical movements. Much of it, however, must be true. The story is an amazing one when we consider her talents and genius, and her heroic efforts to carry out her mission in the last twenty years of her life as she conceived it. So far as I know she has freely admitted this story of her youth, and that's an end of it. It has no bearing on her subsequent life. . . .'

" 'Much of it, however, must be true': why?

"Where and when did she 'admit' anything of the kind?

"Witte was her cousin. He wrote about H. P. B. when she was dead. I cannot understand anyone who accepts readily the statements of those who foul their own nests. The worst thing I know against Lord Byron is that he was the grandfather of the Lovelace who tried to defame him. Witte wrote himself down as unspeakable when he impugned the honour of a woman relative—the daughter of his mother's sister. Also, he lied.

"Dr. Corson should not have echoed him without at least trying his best to ascertain the facts; and there is no indication that he tried. The Letters of H. P. B. to Sinnett were published in 1925, and refute fully, by anticipation, all of Witte's calumnies. William Kingsland's *The Real H. P. Blavatsky*, was published by Watkins in London in 1928, and deals exhaustively (pp. 54–58) with the same subject. Mr. Kingsland points out, among other things, that Witte met H. P. B. for the first time at Tiflis when he was a boy of eleven, and she a woman of twenty-nine, and then, writing some fifty years later, undertakes to defame her on the basis of his evil-minded impressions, supplemented by 'stories current in our family.'

"I may as well confess that the repetition of Witte's defilements by a man whose intentions I believe to be thoroughly good, distressed me deeply. It is all very well for the modern mind to rise superior to matters of sex and to adopt a charitable attitude toward a woman's supposed sins; but how about the woman? How about her honour? If she lived and died as she was born, 'unspotted by the world' (there is no need to be too explicit), and is then discussed, no matter how benevolently, on the calm assumption that she was, to put it mildly, a 'reformed character',—in the name of heaven, how about the woman? Have we no chivalry any more? Do we no longer realize that a woman may value her integrity in *those* respects at least as much as a man can value his reputation for fair play, or for honourable financial dealing?

"Mr. Charles Johnston, who is known to many readers of the QUARTERLY as a constant contributor, met H. P. B. in London and also H. P. B.'s niece, Vera Jelihovsky, whom he married, seeing much of H. P. B. at that time, and much of H. P. B.'s family thereafter. I asked Mr. Johnston to be good enough to comment on Witte's statements, and will now read to you what he sent me:

" 'I have read the passages in Corson's *Unpublished Letters of H. P. B.*, quoted from the *Memoirs* of her cousin Sergei Juleivitch Witte, which retail a good deal of discreditable gossip about Mme. Blavatsky's earlier years.

" 'There is, first, the question of the credibility of the witness. I knew Count Witte, and have published several sketches of his life. He had quite exceptional ability, but the cardinal defect of his character was that he distrusted everyone, and was, as a consequence, trusted by no one. There is another factor. Madame Blavatsky travelled in many lands. She was not accompanied by a chaperone! In many cases, there were men in the party. The way in which situations like this will be interpreted, will depend wholly on the mind of the interpreter, and its cleanness, or the reverse. To those who knew Mme. Blavatsky's sexless integrity, her travelling in company with men was wholly natural. But it is not difficult to see how an unclean imagination might colour and distort situations that were unconventional, yet wholly blameless. I regret to say that the life and character of Count Witte were not such as to make him a fair interpreter.

" 'As to Metrovitch, it happens that Mme. Blavatsky has told the truth about this man, and it is entirely creditable to her. In *The Letters of H. P. Blavatsky to A. P. Sinnett*, she writes (p. 143) in reply to Sinnett's insistence that she must explain *everything* in her life, for the edification of the public and to add value to the Memoirs of her which he was planning (1885–1886):

" 'You say, "Thus, for example, we must bring in the whole of that Metrovitch incident." I say *we must not*. These *Memoirs* will not bring *my vindication*. This I know as well as I knew that *The Times* would not notice my letter against Hodgson's Report. . . . Now, why should I bring out Metrovitch? Suppose I said the *whole* truth about him? What is it? Well, I knew the man in 1850, over whose apparently dead corpse I stumbled over in Pera, at Constantinople, as I was returning home one night from Bougakdira to Missire's hotel. He had received three good stabs in his back from one, or two or more Maltese ruffians, and a Corsican, who were paid for it by the Jesuits. I had him picked up, after standing over his still breathing corpse for about four hours, before my guide could get *mouches* to pick him up. The only Turkish policeman meanwhile who chanced to come up asking for a *baksheesh* and offering to roll the supposed corpse into a neighbouring ditch, then showing a decided attraction to my own rings and bolting only when he saw my revolver pointing at him. Remember, it was in 1850, and in Turkey. Then I had the man carried to a Greek hotel over the way, where he was recognised and taken sufficiently care of, to come back to life. On the next day he asked me to write to his wife and Sophie ———— . . . I wrote to his wife and did not to ————. The former arrived from Smyrna where she was, and we became friends. I lost sight of them after that for several years and met him again at Florence, where he was singing at the Pergola, *with his wife*. He was a *Carbonaro*, a revolutionist of the worst kind, a fanatical rebel, a Hungarian, from Metrovitz, the name of which town he took as a *nom de guerre*. He was the natural son of the Duke of Lucca, as I believe, who brought him up. He hated the priests, fought in all the rebellions, and escaped hanging by the Austrians, only because—well, it's something I

need not be talking about. Then I found him again in Tiflis in 1861, again with his wife, who died after I had left in 1865 I believe; then my relatives knew him well and he was friends with my cousins Witte. Then, when I took the poor child to Bologna to see if I could save him I met him again in Italy and he did all he could for me, more than a brother. Then the child died; and as it had no papers, nor documents and I did not care to give my name in food to the kind gossips, it was he, Metrovitch who undertook all the job, who buried the *aristocratic Baron's* child—*under his, Metrovitch's* name saying "he did not care," in a small town of Southern Russia in 1867. After this, without notifying my relatives of my having returned to Russia to bring back the unfortunate little boy whom I did not succeed to bring back alive to the governess chosen for him by the Baron, I simply wrote to the child's father to notify him of this pleasant occurrence for him and returned to Italy with the same passport. Then comes Venice, Florence, Mentana. The Garibaldis (the sons) are alone to know the whole truth; and a few more Garibaldians with them. What I did, you know partially; you do not know all. My relatives *do*, my sister does not, and therefore and very luckily Solovioff does not.

" 'Now, shall I, in the illusive hope of justifying myself, begin by exhuming these several corpses—the child's mother, Metrovitch, his wife, the poor child himself, and all the rest? NEVER. It would be as mean, and sacrilegious as it would be useless. *Let the dead sleep*, I say. We have enough avenging shadows around us—Walter Gebhard, the last. Touch them not, for you would only make them share the slaps in the face and the insults I am receiving, but you would not succeed to screen me in any way. I do not want to lie, and I am not permitted to tell the truth. What shall we, what can we, do? The whole of my life except the weeks and months I passed with the Masters, in Egypt or in Tibet, is so inextricably full of events with whose secrets and real actuality the dead and the living are concerned, and I made only responsible for their outward appearance, that to vindicate myself, I would have to step on a hecatomb of the dead and cover with dirt the living. *I will not do so*. For, *firstly*, it will do me no good except adding to other epithets I am graced with, that of a slanderer of *post mortem* reputation, and accused, perhaps, of *chantage* and blackmail; and secondly I am an Occultist, as I told you. You speak of my "susceptibilities" with regard to my relatives, I say it is *occultism*, not susceptibilities. I KNOW the effect it would have on the dead, and want to forget the living. This is my last and final decision: I WILL NOT TOUCH THEM.'

" 'The letter does not end there,' Mr. Johnston continues, 'but I have quoted enough. I may add on my own account that I knew many of Mme. Blavatsky's family in Russia, and was, of course, familiar with the "family traditions" concerning her. Far from supporting Witte's aspersions, everything that I learned about her in this way confirmed my own knowledge and observation of her character: in all that relates to sex, she lived in a different world; her love of her Master and of Occultism swept everything else into oblivion.'

"Enough said, I think, on that subject," the Historian concluded. "H. P. B. was a Titan among Pygmies, and we shall not begin to understand her until we realize what Pygmies we are in comparison with her. She was superb,—in sacrifice, in devotion, in courage, in endurance, and in her absolute integrity of soul. Temperamentally, she was a volcano in a state of almost perpetual eruption; racially, she was half a Tartar; socially, she would have fitted much better into 1928 than into the relative decorum of 1888: but, with all of it, she was a hero if ever a hero lived, and some of us, who owe to her and to Judge our knowledge, in this life, of Theosophy and of Masters, can only pray to be grateful for ever for what she did."

"It would be wise, I think," commented the Philosopher, "to forestall the criticism of some over-perspicacious reader who might say of H. P. B.'s explanation of the Metrovitch incident to Sinnett, that she does not explicitly deny anything, and therefore may have been guilty of everything. There are such minds. In reply it might be pointed out that in 1885–1886, she had not been explicitly accused of anything in this connection. She was still alive to defend herself! It remained to Witte to accuse her after her death. When she wrote to Sinnett, she was confronted with nothing but rumours, passed on to her by well-meaning 'friends'. However, there is a direct and conclusive answer to the criticism I have imagined,—that given on pages 54 and 55 of *The Real H. P. Blavatsky*. Further than to say that, we cannot go. What next?"

"There will be a footnote to 'War Memories' in the current issue of the QUARTERLY", said one of the editors, "which I should now like to explain. So many people seem to have forgotten the War, and the atrocities committed by the German armies in France and Belgium, that it is not only important to remind such people of what happened, but to deprive them of any excuse for doubt. To forget these things is almost as criminal and as cruel as their perpetration. If Germany had begged forgiveness of the peoples she outraged, it would be an entirely different matter. She has done nothing of the kind, and, until she does, it will be our duty to hold up such conduct for the execration of the world. So far as I am aware, we are the only English-speaking people who are doing this, and we must therefore do it as thoroughly as possible. The writer of 'War Memories' merely confirms, as the result of her own experience, what every intelligent person ought to know already. If, however, someone should question any of her statements (impossible for us who know her personally), let him refresh his memory by re-reading what is known as the Bryce Report, which he can obtain from The Macmillan Company in New York, or through any bookseller, under the title, *Evidence and Documents of Alleged German Outrages*, for the modest sum of fifty cents. As all of you will remember, Lord Bryce, universally respected in this country, served as Chairman of a Committee which consisted of men who were likely to err, if at all, on the side of the accused. Among them were Sir Edward Clarke, K. C., and Sir Frederick Pollock, K. C. They discarded all evidence which was not convincing, and were surprised to find how often depositions,

'though taken at different places and on different dates, and by different lawyers from different witnesses,' corroborated 'each other in a striking manner.' It is unfortunate that the original Appendix to their Report, which contained many diaries found on dead German soldiers, is now out of print. Another book that should be read is *Out of Their Own Mouths*, collected by W. R. Thayer, published by D. Appleton and Company, and still available at $1.50 per copy. Books such as *German Atrocities: An Official Investigation*, by Professor J. H. Morgan; *The German Terror in Belgium* and *The German Terror in France*, both by Arnold J. Toynbee; pamphlets such as *Belgium and Germany, Texts and Documents*, collected by Henri Davignon, and *The Destruction of Belgium: Germany's Confession and Avoidance*, by E. Grimwood Mears,—although said to be out of print, must still be on the shelves of most Public Libraries. The truth is within easy reach of those who want it. There is no excuse for doubt."

"What next?" This time it was the Recorder who asked the question.

"The two most widely advertized events since the appearance of the October QUARTERLY, were the visit of Ramsay MacDonald, the British Premier, to America, and the collapse on the New York Stock Exchange." It was the Engineer who responded.

"I had supposed", said our Visitor, "that you people were too spiritual, too superior, or in any case too 'other worldly', to be so much as aware that the Stock Exchange exists!"

"Not quite as bad as that", the Engineer replied, dryly. Then, changing his tone, he continued: "In so far as the recent collapse of prices affects the souls of men for good or ill, to that extent the high gods must be far more concerned about it than we are capable of being. One thing, to my mind, is certain: that the entire modern world is money-mad. I do not mean that it is a new phenomenon. Theosophy should have saved us from the common error of supposing that there can be new things under the sun. There was Law and the South Sea Bubble, and doubtless there were corresponding episodes in Egypt, Babylonia, China, and certainly in Atlantis, ages before history began. I do not believe, however, that what I should call straightforward gambling is quite so pernicious in the long run as the modern practice of hypothecating the future by buying everything, especially luxuries, on the instalment plan. No one, not even a gambler, seriously defends gambling; but many prominent economists, humanitarians, and others classified by our newspapers as 'authorities', openly advocate instalment buying. Saving, which means self-denial, is condemned; we are advised, instead, to get what we want as soon as we want it, and to pay later. I cannot imagine anything less conducive to real manhood, not to speak of spiritual health."

"May I ask who advises against saving?" our Visitor challenged.

"Read any daily paper; read the circulars issued by Presidents of Chambers of Commerce: day after day we are urged to spend, spend, spend, as the way in which to neutralize the effects of the recent panic. But I can give you chapter and verse: in the *New York Times* of November 13th, in a news item

headed, 'Thrift is Harmful, Economist Asserts', it is said: 'A penny saved may have been a penny earned in Benjamin Franklin's day, but such maxims are not only old-fashioned but actually harmful in the complicated industrial society of 1929, according to Dr. Harold F. Clark, Professor of Economics at Teachers College, Columbia University.' Then follows the Professor's argument, at considerable length.

"However, my chief quarrel for the moment is with those who advocate the purchase of things before we have earned and saved the money with which to pay for them. Everyone knows that automobiles, radio receivers, pianos, fur coats, diamonds, and innumerable other luxuries, are bought on that basis. The purchaser gambles that he is going to live; that he will continue to earn at least as much as he is now earning, and that neither illness nor any other calamity will affect his ability to pay his monthly instalments. I know men who are earning as much as five hundred dollars a month, but who have to leave their grocer's bill unpaid because, as soon as they receive their pay-check, they have to disburse nearly all of it on account of luxuries purchased months before, which they would have to surrender—losing all that they had previously paid—should they fail to meet the instalment now due. One of the individuals known to me, lives in a small town in Ohio, and excuses himself for his folly by saying that his wife makes him do it. Perhaps she does, but that only damns him doubly.

"I am not concerned about the economics of it, for anyone can argue anything under that head, without convincing any but himself. People believe what they want to believe, when it comes to such matters. Their arguments are dictated by self-interest, or are efforts to justify their own self-indulgence. I am concerned about it because 'the universe exists for the purposes of soul', and civilization exists, not to make men comfortable, not to provide the average family with three armchairs instead of two, or to enable the son and heir to drive to High School in a Ford, but to teach men self-control, self-denial, sympathy, courage, and all the other characteristics which differentiate men from elementals,—many animals possessing them to a greater extent than most men.

"Perhaps, however, the most important purpose which the panic accomplished—and I am assuming that the purpose of all things is primarily spiritual—was the disillusionment, temporarily at least, of Europe. You will not have forgotten the cry that went up in the last 'Screen' on this subject,—against Europe's worship of American 'prosperity', the effect of which was morally and spiritually corrupting. I am in hopes that the panic will have dissipated that illusion for some time to come."

"How about the visit of Ramsay MacDonald?" asked our Visitor.

"No need to waste time on that", the Engineer replied. "*Punch*—to give it its full name, *Punch, or The London Charivari*—made all the comment that is necessary on that subject. In its issue of October 30th, over the caption, 'Question Time; or, Back to Earth', it portrayed the British Labour leader in bed, 'disturbed from dream of his triumphs by Big Ben alarum',

and as saying: 'Let me dream on. It was so beautiful. It was "Roses, roses all the way"; roses and doves.'"

Someone moved as if to go home; but the Student interposed. "Before we adjourn", he said, "I should like to ask the Ancient a question, though it has little connection with what has gone before,—superficially in any case. What, in his opinion, is our greatest need as aspirants for chêlaship; in other words, there are many who desire ardently to become pupils of a Master, fully conscious of his instruction and guidance: what stands in their way?"

The Ancient laughed. "You can answer that as well as I can", he said. "In one word,—self, the personal self. Otherwise the answer would have to run into volumes. Read Judge's *Letters that Have Helped Me*, especially the letters and explanatory section devoted to that subject; read *Fragments* by Cavé, especially those toward the end of the first volume; read *Light on the Path*, *The Crest Jewel of Wisdom*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *Through the Gates of Gold*, the *Bhagavad Gîta;* read those articles in *Five Years of Theosophy* which deal with chêlaship. You have read them, often perhaps; but read them again, and make notes as you read of what you intend and determine to *do* about it. Then number your notes, beginning with the simplest and easiest of your resolutions. Take your first resolution, and carry it out, at once, until you have made it a habit. Then pass on to the note you have numbered 2; treat that as an order to be obeyed, and obey it until it becomes a habit: so on through the list.

"Meditate, and stop doing it as a duty, like cleaning your teeth. To meditate means to think; more specifically, and until it passes into contemplation, it means to think about, and to identify yourself with, your real self, and about your relations, on that plane, with your Master and your fellow-disciples; it means to think about, and to convince yourself of, the futility of your transitory self and of the transitory world in which it lives. As one of the fruits of meditation, you should come to identify yourself permanently with your real self and its interests, and to detach yourself permanently from your personal self and from all worldly concerns, except in so far as these may be regarded as school-books in the school of life, which is chêlaship.

"Learn to love your Master, and to purify your love. You perhaps say, 'Inflame my heart, O Lord, with love of thee.' Change that to, 'Inflame our hearts', so as to include your fellows. Ask yourself why you want your heart inflamed with love: is it not in part for the pleasure, the joy, of loving? If our love were pure, what should we desire chiefly? We should desire joy for our Master rather than for ourselves, and if we think about it we shall see that if our love for him be selfish and self-seeking, it cannot please him. What would please him? One answer would be that he, as our spiritual father, would be filled with joy to see *heroism* in our lives,—not as the world sees it, but as heroism really is: heroism in suffering, heroism in sacrifice, heroism in self-surrender,—heroism, not in the lime-light, not on the front page of the morning paper, but perhaps the heroism of an anguished heart which smiles, for love's sake; or the heroism which, through years of spiritual 'dryness', persists in

all the works and acts of the inner life, unfaltering and undismayed, with love that not only survives, but feeds upon the lack of love's rewards. Read again what Paul wrote to the Corinthians about love (so tragically mistranslated as 'charity' in the King James version), and see for yourself that he speaks of it as almost synonymous with heroism. Always it is unconscious of itself, for the least thought of *being* heroic would turn the finest action into trash. Short of the example of Masters, I know of nothing in history more heroic than the life and death of Joan of Arc. From first to last she was full of fears, and was vividly, torturingly aware of them. Instead of thinking of herself as a heroine, she undoubtedly reproached herself for cowardice. Her heroism lay in the fact that she conquered her fears,—so completely that 'Forward' became the automatic response even of her nerves to the dreads of her nerves. We are not in that class; nor should heroism ever be our conscious aim; but we can and should try to eliminate from our love the taint of self-seeking and of desire for recognition and reward; we can and should test our motives and behaviour in the light of Paul's marvellous statement of the ideal.

"One thing more: it is not for me to say what is and is not possible—there are no limits to the possible except a contradiction in terms—but I doubt if any man can become a chêla who has not something of the poet in him. We need to dream, to dream, to dream,—not negatively, with vacant, wandering fancy; but creatively, as the true poet dreams of the invisible, seeing beauty where others see a void; seeing victory where others see despair; seeing unity where, to mortal eyes, chaos reigns unchallenged. And, like the poet, we must not rest content with our dream. He gives his,—living, audible expression; gives it form on this plane. We must do the same. Dreaming of the inner world, we must make that world live in our hearts and lives; dreaming of our Master, we must make him our companion as we have dreamed of his being, 'over there'.

"Restraint of course is essential. The poet is bound by the rules of his art. He does not permit either his imagination or his words to run riot. He prunes, condenses, directs. In the same way, the would-be chêla must choose from among his dreams, those features which he most desires to reproduce; he must obey the rules of his 'art'; he must concentrate his efforts; he must use commonsense. I do not believe, however, that he can fail to attain his goal if, with abiding faith and courage, he will follow the path laid out for him in the treatises I have named. After all, we inherit the footsteps of others; we are not pioneers: and though we see before us the sharp ascent and the long, hard climb, we are assured by beloved voices that the way *can* be trodden, and that just beyond the summit lies, for him that overcometh, a new heaven and a new earth, where 'the former things are passed away.' "

T.

REVIEWS

The Private Life of Tutankhamen, by G. R. Tabouis; translated by M. R. Dobie; Robert McBride and Company, New York, 1929; $3.50.

A vast amount has been written about this young Pharaoh; certainly far more than he, as a man (more properly a boy) has deserved. But because he was connected with one of the most mysterious religious movements in Egypt's long and eventful history, he remains of interest to us despite the wide advertising of which he has been the victim. "The most beautiful of all the Pharaohs" was but eleven years old when he ascended the throne, on the death of his father, Akhnaton; and his reign was brief. From the first, also, it was overshadowed by a great and terrible danger—that of falling back under the evil influence of the Priests of Amen. Many volumes have been written about Akhnaton's religious reforms, and the reactions which followed, but Akhnaton himself remains pathetically inexplicable to most people. Almost invariably he is called a pacifist; generally, by imputation at least, he is called what to-day we should term a "slacker"; and this, because of the loss, during his lifetime, of the Syrian provinces. Yet it would be difficult to find anywhere in history, a man who faced danger more resolutely. This is not the place to discuss what Mademoiselle Tabouis calls the "international pacifism" of Akhnaton, but it may perhaps be said that there are some things far more deadly than physical warfare. Deliberately to defy the Priesthood of Amen; consciously to arouse its bitter hatred and opposition, must have called for a courage which is little understood in these days, and which is difficult to imagine at any time. For the Priests of Amen were quite evidently in possession of the most terrible secrets known to ancient magic; they understood and could control the most terrific occult forces, and could direct these with inconceivably hideous results against any person, or group of people whom they wished to destroy. These invisible, but none the less potently destructive forces (powers which to-day we are only beginning to investigate, but to the reality of which Theosophy has ever pointed), must have been well understood by Akhnaton, and their importance carefully weighed in the balance against that of retaining the Syrian provinces, and he may well have decided that only by concentrating all his efforts toward the destruction of that Priesthood, could he best serve Egypt. We are too prone to see things from the outside, and to think that much territory means much power; but there is always the open question as to whether Egypt was greater, in the truest sense, as an Empire, than she had been in the days of old, when confined more strictly to the Nile valley. Those were the days of spiritual vigour, and great as was Thothmes III, there can be little doubt that a fatal mistake was made by him in the lavish endowments of the Temples of Amen, for the final downfall of Egypt was not because of the loss of the "buffer states", but because she fell a victim to this very Priesthood. The loss was primarily interior; the territorial loss was secondary. Akhnaton understood the danger; he braved the consequences, and he paid the price.

It was a terrible fate which overtook the boy of fifteen, Tutankhamen, when he fell finally and irrevocably (and with him once more, the whole of Egypt) into the power of the Priests of Amen. One of the most interesting parts of the book is that which describes his return to Thebes; his pathetic little figure, as he passed obediently through all the weary ceremonial of his new coronation; as he received the Divine Embrace which transformed him from the

Son of Aton into the Son of Amen; as with each progressive step in the ceremony he silently renounced, one by one, all the things he had loved best—his god Aton; his freedom of conscience; the religious ideals which had been dear to his father and therefore to himself. This description is done with remarkable skill. An interesting feature of the book is the character sketch of the great General Horemheb, later the founder of the XIX dynasty, the dynasty of Rameses II. Horemheb was one of the most astute of Egyptian statesmen, and Mademoiselle Tabouis compares him, in an arresting passage, with Talleyrand, for Horemheb, like the amazingly versatile Frenchman, "had the quality of being able to change his god, his master, his ideas, and his morality. . . . He showed the same understanding of men and happenings, through three reigns and two revolutions. . . . Lastly, in all circumstances, he knew how to wait." The book is written somewhat in the new style of psychological biography, which means that inevitably there are passages in it which are inclined to make the reader a little too conscious of the creative imagination of the author; none the less, it is not only packed full of archæological facts of the greatest interest (many of them quite new to us), but it is also a most vivid and valuable picture of daily life in Ancient Egypt. The Preface, by Théodore Reinach, is all that we should expect it to be, coming as it does from the pen of so distinguished a writer, and the translation is excellent.

T. D.

The Tree of Life: An Anthology, by Vivian De Sola Pinto and George Neill Wright; Oxford University Press, New York, 1929; price $3.00.

The compilers aim to illustrate the "essential unity of religious, philosophic and poetic thought as expressed in ancient and modern literature." To that extent they have contributed to the Theosophical Movement, and we welcome their Anthology as an addition to our literature. We do not expect them to thank the Movement for making their contribution possible! The fact remains, however, that, without the pioneer work of Madame Blavatsky, there would be no thought in the world to-day of the underlying unity of religions and philosophies; no demand for such an anthology,—and no supply.

We congratulate the authors on their attempt. It is a book we are glad to own and to recommend. It is admirably printed and bound. It contains many striking and valuable excerpts from the writings of great men, as well as many others from the writings of men who are quite unworthy of such company. George Bernard Shaw is quoted fourteen times; Matthew Arnold, once; Ruskin, once; Carlyle, twice; Isaiah, once; Jāmi, once; the *Bhagavad Gîta*, not at all! Shaw has no place in any anthology except as an example of twentieth century decadence. His work reeks of decay,—reeks to such an extent that his self-advertizing is quite superfluous. We are grateful, on the other hand, for the frequent citation of Peter Sterry, Cambridge Platonist and Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. It is to be regretted that Cromwell did not profit more from such excellent instruction; for Sterry was evidently a mystic, with an understanding of Christianity which was as rare then as it is now. This is an example of his style: The Eternal Spirit, "the Supreme Band of Unity and Multiplicity", "brought forth from it selfe the Creation, and still sits upon it, hatching it, till it breake the Shell of This Darke Flesh and Spring forth into its owne Life and Image."

There is much in this Anthology that is equally genuine, and almost as little known.

T.

The Platonic Tradition in English Religious Thought, by Dean Inge; Longmans, Green and Co.; price $1.40.

This little book gives the substance of a course of lectures delivered at Cambridge, in which the author claims recognition for Christian Platonism as a point of view which is different from the two general types of Christian belief called Protestant and Catholic. Dean Inge calls it the "religion of the Spirit", and shows its influence on Christian thought in different centuries. It has affinity with the schools of philosophy known in Greece as Orphism and Pythagoreanism, and can be traced back to the more ancient civilizations of Egypt, Babylonia and India. Its essence is the "recognition of an unseen world of unchanging reality behind

the flux of phenomena," and it demands of its followers the observance of a discipline which is a necessary factor in the attainment of knowledge. The subject was studied by the well-known group of Christian Platonists at Cambridge in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and more recently by theologians such as Bishop Westcott, who owed much to that great Neoplatonist, Origen, in that he combined "a noble morality with deep mysticism". Among the English poets, Wordsworth is chosen as the best exponent of the Platonic point of view. The lecturer considers Plato's Ideas in terms of eternal Values which are "not only ideals but creative powers."

Possibly the most illuminating part of the book is that which refers to the founder of Christianity as the "Living Christ". The author claims that the "religion of the Spirit" is a true expression of Christianity, and that "Christ was primarily concerned with awakening into activity the consciousness of God in the individual soul." The inner light, once it is recognized, is identified "with the Spirit of the living, glorified and indwelling Christ". Those who would gain experience of it, must make "whole-hearted consecration of the intellect, will and affections to the great quest". The author does not think that there is likely to be, at any time, a large following for this "religion of the Spirit", yet those who are attracted by it "need drive no lonely furrow". They may find guidance and inspiration in the great mystical writers who "are at home everywhere and at all times", and whose heroic lives testify to the truth of their experience.

Students of Theosophy will discover much that is interesting and stimulating in these short lectures, and will probably find themselves in sympathy, in many respects, with the point of view of the author. The suggestions made are a challenge to the reader to pursue the same line of thought by individual study and meditation, and in particular to develop the system of training which alone can make such study of permanent and lasting worth.

S. C.

The Nature of The World and of Man, by sixteen members of the University of Chicago faculty; The University of Chicago Press. Price, $5.00.

This book, already in its second edition, presents in very interesting form the present-day view and recent developments in all departments of science. It is what an outline of science ought to be, but often is not. It should prove to be very useful, not only to those of a scientific turn of mind who may wish to bring their knowledge of science up to date, but also to those who may desire a relatively simple introduction to the subject. About two-thirds of the book is devoted to biology, and the final chapter, "Mind in Evolution", is particularly interesting.

The purpose of the book is stated in the first chapter as follows: "Its whole purpose is to acquaint one with the nature of the environment in which he is and in which his life will be spent. It is a deliberate attempt to do well that which every person does more or less subconsciously for himself, namely, to build up some sort of a mental picture of the Cosmos and of the place of man in it. Everyone has some such picture which serves him as a basic philosophy of life in terms of which he interprets events and in harmony with which he orders his own actions. It is, in fact, his character."

Throughout the book the fact is stressed that this is an orderly universe, that similar conditions are always followed by similar sequences of phenomena, and that this is the basis on which science rests. This may be illustrated by quoting the last paragraph of the chapter on Astronomy. "To an astronomer, the most remarkable and interesting thing about that part of the physical universe with which he has become acquainted, is not its vast extent in space, nor the number and great masses of its stars, nor the violent forces that operate in the stars, nor the long periods of astronomical time, but that which holds him awestruck is the perfect orderliness of the universe and the majestic succession of the celestial phenomena. From the tiny satellites in the solar system to the globular clusters, the galaxy, and exterior galaxies, there is no chaos, there is nothing haphazard, and there is nothing capricious. The orderliness of the universe is the supreme discovery in science; it is that which gives us hope that we shall be able to understand not only the exterior world but also our own bodies and our own minds."

R. A.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 343.—*I have been told that Theosophy teaches morality which is unselfish, and forbids all mental and physical acts which are prompted by selfishness. How does this differ from Christianity?*

ANSWER.—If Christ be a Master of the Lodge and if Theosophy be an expression of the Lodge, how can there be any essential difference between the ethical spirit of true Theosophy and that of true Christianity? Theosophy and the teachings of Christ are not rivals any more than the hand is a rival of the eye. The theosophical philosophy is cherished by students, because it shows the connection, in the nature of Being, between unselfishness or selflessness, and the unfolding of the spiritual powers latent in man. It is their own fault if they are not moved to work more vigorously and more intelligently than before for the cultivation of selflessness in their own lives. They may be Christians or Buddhists or Mohammedans. What difference does it make? V. S.

ANSWER.—So far as I know, it has never been said that Theosophy does "differ" from true Christianity. But Christianity has many interpretations, and some of them are in line with Theosophy, and some are not. Since Theosophy is Truth, *real* Christianity could not differ from it, and the wisdom which would be found at the heart of Christianity (such, for instance, as the examples given) would also be found in Theosophy. T. A.

ANSWER.—Theosophy—Divine Wisdom—properly understood does not differ from Christianity, properly understood, or from Buddhism or from any of the great religions of the world, properly understood. Theosophy shows that there are the same great truths at the heart of each. It helps the Christian to understand the teachings of Christ and the Buddhist to understand the teachings of Buddha. Its purpose is to reveal to each man the ideal of his own soul—his ideal, not another's—and to show him the way to attain it.
J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—Why should it differ from Christianity? The teachings of the Master, Christ, to his disciples, are the teachings of all Masters of the Wisdom-religion. In the case of the Christ the essential keynote was the devotion of Love, identical with that of the Bhakti Yoga of Krishna as portrayed in the *Gîta*. Love moves the spiritual world, and is the "killer out" of *Light on the Path*, the destroyer of all the movers of the personal, lower self which build up selfishness. Why should Theosophy, which is one representation of the Wisdom-Religion, differ from true Christianity or from the teachings of all Masters of the Wisdom-Religion?
A. K.

ANSWER.—It does not differ from Christianity, properly understood. The difference lies between the ordinary interpretation of Christianity, and the real meaning of the teachings of Christ. Theosophy opens eyes that are holden to this inner meaning; and when, through deeper understanding, our hearts burn within us, nothing short of full expression, inner and outer, of what Christ really taught, can be our aim and our heart's desire. C. R. A.

QUESTION NO. 344.—*Is it possible for anyone to know, in this incarnation, who and what he will be in the next incarnation? I have a friend who says he knows, and that he is going to be a large man, with broad shoulders, and is going to be very much looked up to.*

ANSWER.—While it may be possible to know what he may be in a future incarnation, it is hardly thinkable that a disciple would boast about it. J.

ANSWER.—Perhaps we could find out by knowing who and what we are in this life. As for the next one, why not desire to be of use in the Theosophical Movement in any place or in any shape or under any circumstances where one could be useful? ST. C. B.

ANSWER.—An advanced Ego may know what its next incarnation will be. Most likely all of us are, consciously or unconsciously, now drawing the ground-plan of our future lives. Perhaps the friend in question may be right in the sense that he may get what he wants. Incidentally, however, he might be induced to read *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. There is a certain misguided personage in that romance who has a similar ambition and who comes to a very bad end. One can go just so far along that way and no farther, for it is written that "there is in the Universe no strong and powerful thing than which there is not some other thing stronger and more powerful". S. L.

ANSWER.—It is a rash man who asserts that anything is impossible. Nevertheless, we gravely doubt the possibility of anyone knowing what his physical body will be like in his next incarnation. If he were sufficiently advanced to have the power to know, he would not be interested in whether or not he were to be "very much looked up to," and certainly would not speak of it. J. F. B. M.

QUESTION NO. 345.—*Why is nearly every article in* THE QUARTERLY *and other Theosophic writings so coloured by the use of Hindu words as to appear exotic and even unintelligible to one not familiar with such terms? Is it not possible to use English words that are understandable?*

ANSWER.—Every art and every science requires its own terminology. No one complains that botany or astronomy have special names for the different parts of flowers or the different kinds of stars. There are no other words for them. When a student has once mastered the ideas for which the new words stand, he has no further difficulty with the terms used. The same thing is true of Theosophy. Many of the Theosophical ideas were new to the western world, and there are no English words for them. There are, however, existing words in Sanskrit for these same ideas. It was obviously better to use these than to coin a new Greek or Latin polysyllable, as science does. When a reader of the QUARTERLY comes upon an unfamiliar Sanskrit term, the chances are that he has come upon an idea that is new to him, and one that will be found well worth further study. For those who are really interested, the *Theosophical Glossary*, obtainable from the Quarterly Book Department, is a mine of valuable information. The article, "For Inquirers", in the October, 1926, QUARTERLY, gives the meaning of some of the terms most commonly used. J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—The study of Theosophy introduces one to ideas and whole ranges of thought unfamiliar to the West, and for which there is no English vocabulary. For this reason Oriental words have often to be used. Sometimes an English word may be used with a special significance which has been agreed upon by students of Theosophy (such as "an elemental" and "an elementary"), but to the casual reader such usage may be even more puzzling than an Oriental word would be, which he knows he does not understand. X.

ANSWER.—Students of life and consciousness have been at work for several thousand years and have used definite terms for definite conditions and facts in the course of their study. These students have mainly lived in the Orient and not among western nations. One has only to read the various books on Psychology which have been written in the last fifty years in Europe and America to appreciate the difficulty of nomenclature. There are various schools and each adopts terms of its own, using sometimes the same terms to include different conditions and states. Thus great confusion has arisen by the use of the same terms. There are no terms in English or French or German which express truly the ideas and facts. The approach of the western student is from without inwards, while the "Hindu" student reverses the process and deduces his knowledge, leading onwards from experience. Thus his terms are more likely to deal with facts. The student in endeavouring to discover the mean-

ing of an Oriental word is undergoing a useful training of the mind in dealing with facts; whereas if he tries to approach by the western method he has a similar difficulty in dealing with terms, of which many are still more confusing and less understandable. A. K.

ANSWER.—Theosophy was again given to the world, by Eastern Masters at the end of the last century; and, as W. Q. Judge says, Madame Blavatsky, who was instructed by them, "brought once more to the attention of the West, the most important system, long known to the Lodge, respecting man, his nature and destiny" (*Ocean of Theosophy*, page 11). It is natural and right, therefore, that since it is from the East that Theosophy came to us, an Eastern terminology should be used. But there is a further reason. As Occidental thought does not run on parallel lines with that of the Orient, English words can seldom be used as actual substitutes for "Hindu words". In all Theosophical literature, the use of certain Eastern words is necessary in order to avoid a long explanation in English of the one central thought which is expressed in the single Eastern word. Take Devachan, for instance. Is there anything in the West which is its equivalent? The Christian "Heaven" (perhaps the nearest approach to a substitute) is a "place" or "state" which, once reached, becomes one's *permanent* home or condition; while Theosophy teaches us that "by the force or operation of Karma we are taken out of Devachan" (*Ocean of Theosophy*, page 109), when the right moment arrives. What a long explanation would thus be necessary (and this illustrates only one of the dissimilarities) in order to make the full meaning of that single word Devachan, intelligible to the casual Christian reader! Or take the word Karma—does cause-and-effect explain it? No, because Karma is also opportunity (and many other things), while cause-and-effect does not of necessity imply this. And so on. A new terminology is met, and has to be mastered by everyone entering on the study of any new subject—science, architecture, or whatever it may be, and why not in Theosophy too? But there should be no formidable difficulty for the most casual reader who is sufficiently interested to desire a working understanding of the words which puzzle him, for there are many books which furnish this without making an undue claim upon his time. T. A.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock. There will be meetings on,—

January 4th and 18th
February 1st and 15th
March 1st, 15th and 29th
April 12th and 26th (Convention Meeting)
May 10th and 24th

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.

Thomas Hans Knoff

Colonel Knoff died on December 6th, 1929, in his home in Norway, not far from Oslo. He was a very old and well-beloved friend of many of us, whose simplicity of heart, intellectual probity, and deep devotion to Theosophy, endeared him to every member of the Society who knew him.

He had been a member of The Theosophical Society since 1893, and for long a member of the Executive Committee. He was of those who stood by Judge in unswerving loyalty through the dark days of 1894–5, who was not blinded nor swept away by the psychic whirlwinds of 1898, who took upon himself the tasks that others had deserted, and held safe all that was in his hands. In this world we are the poorer for his death, for few members have been more loved and trusted, or proved more worthy of the trust. Though he came to America for the first time to attend the Convention in 1927, for more than thirty years he was the link between this country and his own. Now he takes his place among our living dead, that bind the inner and the outer worlds.

Readers of the Quarterly will not have forgotten his contributions to its pages, his words to the Convention, nor the stand he took during the World War. Through all his life he was a soldier—of the king and country of his birth, and of the great Lodge of Masters. He served in the outposts. The work of the Norwegian Geographical Bureau, for which he was responsible, took him often into isolated regions. It was the same in his work for Theosophy, for there too he had, for the most part, to stand alone. Yet from his solitude he would write to his fellow-members, letters that showed his thought and efforts were moving step by step beside their own, so that many who had never seen him came to know and love him as a tried and constant comrade. Thus in his own life he exemplified the truth of what he wrote and said, and proved that neither silence nor distance, nor outer barriers of any kind, can separate those who are inwardly united in the Masters' cause. In that inner unity, which gathers all souls to the Oversoul, Death, too, is impotent. We must grieve his loss here, but we rejoice in his victory.